

# LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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*TAKEN BY SIEGE.\**

## CHAPTER XXI.

RUSH was nearly crushed by the blow. He was proud of his family name. As far back as he could trace, every Hurlstone had been a man of honor. It remained for this generation to blot the escutcheon,—just, too, as he was winning for himself a conspicuous and important place in the metropolis, and (bitterer than all) just as he was trying to make every straw weigh in his favor with Helen Knowlton. It was a cruel blow, and it took all his manhood to rise up under it. His associates at the office of *The Dawn* showed the best side of their natures. They were kind and considerate all through this trying time. Although the story of the fraudulent mining company and the suicide and its attending incidents were the sensation of the hour, they printed as little of it as possible, and kept Rush's name out altogether. He had no sooner returned to New York and settled down to work again than Archie Tillinghast called upon him, and by his gentle and manly sympathy sealed their friendship with a seal that nothing could ever break. He also brought kind words from Bessie Archer and her mother, and an invitation from Mr. Archer to spend the following Sunday with them. Rush was sincerely touched by these expressions of sympathy, for he almost felt himself ostracized by the disgrace that had befallen him; and the finding of Uncle Lightfoot Myers's card at his lodgings one day did more towards convincing him that there was something worth living for, after all, than anything that had happened since his

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disgrace; for it showed a kindness of spirit on the part of a mere acquaintance that he had no reason to expect.

A short letter from Aunt Rebecca, who of course had heard nothing of the tragedy that had cast so deep a shadow over the life of her young friend, announced that she and Helen would sail from Liverpool on the 1st of September, so that they were nearly due in New York at the time Rush received the letter. With what conflicting emotions he read this announcement! A few weeks ago it would have thrown him into an ecstasy of delight; now he buried his face in his hands, and his thoughts were not pleasant thoughts. Would Helen look upon John's conduct as disgracing his brother? Would she think there was crime in the blood of the family, and turn her back upon him?

"I could not blame her," said Rush to himself, "for it would reflect upon her to be seen in the company of the brother of John Hurlstone, the forger and suicide." And his strong frame quivered with agony.

There was no relief from his thoughts but work. At his desk in *The Dawn* office Rush could forget the frightful past, and he thanked God for work that must be done. The 9th of September came, and he knew that the Germanic was to arrive that day. He would not go down to meet it, but would wait for Helen to take some steps that would end his suspense. What if he never heard from her? He almost believed that he would take his life, as his brother had done.

Archie Tillinghast, who divined what was going on in Rush's mind, went down to the steamer and met Helen and told her what had happened. His heart was with his friend in his trouble, and his recital filled Helen with sorrow. Her beautiful brown eyes swam with tears. Ah, if Rush might have seen them!

"Poor boy! poor boy!" said she; "I long to see him, to tell him how deeply I sympathize with him."

"Have him round at once, Helen. Poor fellow! we must cheer him up," said Aunt Rebecca, in her hearty voice.

"You are awfully kind, I'm sure, but I am confident that he will not come unless you ask him: he feels that he is a disgraced man, and he will not voluntarily go before any one, much less you, Miss Knowlton," answered Archie.

"I will send him a word at once. Have you a pencil? Thank you: that is just the thing." And, taking a card from her card-case, she wrote, "Aunt Rebecca and I were disappointed not to see you at the steamer. If you will come in the evening at nine, we will be alone. H. K."

This she gave Archie to deliver, and, after putting her in her

carriage, he went at once to Rush's lodgings. He found Rush sipping his *café au lait* in a listless fashion.

"Well, Rush, my boy, I have seen her!" said Archie, throwing himself upon a convenient chair; "and I never thought better of your taste than I did to-day. She is simply superb. Her trip has done her a world of good. Stick to it, old man: she is too great a prize to lose. I believe I am half in love with her myself."

"I know you mean well, Archie, but your tone does not harmonize with my mood. I can't feel very gay when I know that my chances with Helen Knowlton are slimmer to-day than they ever were, and that any balance there may have been on my side of the ledger is now against me. The prospect is not pleasing; and I wish I were dead."

"Nonsense, Rush! I'm ashamed of you. You are not talking like a man. I begin to think you don't deserve so fine a woman. Why should you fly to the conclusion that she will turn her back upon you because you are in trouble? You have no right to do her so great an injustice, and I believe she would be hurt to the quick if she knew you thought so poorly of her."

"You forget, Archie," answered Rush, sadly, "that I am not an accepted lover of Helen Knowlton. If I was, I should expect her to stand by me through thick and thin. I am only a friend, a new friend at that, and I have my place in her regard still to win. Whether I am successful or not depends upon myself. If I can prove myself to be everything I should like to have her believe me, well and good; but I have got to fight my way inch by inch, and for many reasons my claims are not strong enough to give me an instant hearing. My success is a question of time and fortunate circumstances."

"I suppose what you say is so," said Archie, pacing the room excitedly, "but, by heaven, it is a strange law of nature! One would think that any woman would be proud of the honest love of an honest man. Not a bit of it! Women are queer creatures: they don't seem to know when the right man comes along."

"After all, how are they to know?" asked Rush. "Every man thinks he is the right one. Look at the men who have loved Helen, for instance. I won't say she has given them any encouragement, but they have loved her just as truly all the same. I heard only the other day of a man who loved her with an honest, sincere love. He was a lieutenant in the army. He only met her once, and then as only one of a dozen who were presented to her, but he saw her many times on the stage of the Academy. He believed there was no hope for him. He was stationed at Governor's Island, but he asked to be sent out on the frontier, so that he might run a chance of being killed. He was

transferred as he requested, and, whenever there was a skirmish with the Indians, put himself in the front of the fight. One day he was rewarded; a bullet hit him in a vital part, and he died on the field. A friend of mine, an officer in the same regiment, found him dying, and asked him if he had any message he wanted delivered. 'Yes,' said the dying man: 'cut a lock of hair from my head and take it to Helen Knowlton, and tell her that I loved her;' and with these words upon his lips he died. My friend took his penknife and cut off the lock of hair and delivered it as requested. Helen was very much affected by the incident, though she didn't remember the man at all. Now, who shall say this poor fellow was not the right man, if only he and she had known it? Certainly he loved her with an honest love."

"True indeed," answered Archie, still pacing the floor,—“true indeed. The whole subject seems to be involved in mystery. I don't know, after all, if another war-maxim is not to be applied to affairs of the heart: 'To the victor belong the spoils.' But while we are dealing in glittering generalities I am forgetting the object of my call. Here is a little note Helen scratched off for you on the dock.” And Archie handed the card to Rush, who took it eagerly.

“Did she know—did she know everything when she wrote this, Archie?”

“Yes, old man,—everything.”

“I will go, then,—God bless her!”

It seemed an age to Rush before it was time to go to Helen's house, and, although he was impatient for the hour to come, his heart beat high with excitement and his cheeks were pale with nervous dread when he rang the front-door bell of the little house in West Twentieth Street.

How strangely familiar the drawing-room looked! Everything was as it had been the night before she sailed. A faithful servant had kept the place open and in order while she was gone, and it seemed as fresh and bright when she got back as though she had never been away. Rush noticed the delicate odor of violets that hung about everything that belonged to Helen, and it brought her as vividly before his eyes as if she stood there in all her loveliness. He had not long to wait before she did stand before him in her bodily presence. She came towards him with both hands extended.

“You must excuse my *négligé*, Mr. Hurlstone, but I didn't want to keep you waiting, and—I wanted to see you. Aunt Rebecca will be down in a few moments, but she is so busy with trunks that she can't come at once. Sit right down here on this sofa, and tell me how you are and how you've been.”

“I needn't ask you how you are,” said Rush, at last finding voice



to speak. Seating himself beside her, he regarded her with undisguised admiration. He might well think her lovely: less prejudiced eyes would have agreed with him thoroughly. She had been helping Aunt Rebecca with the trunks, and had donned a loose morning gown of soft white stuff, trimmed down the front and around the neck and sleeves with dark fur. The red upturned point of a gold-embroidered Turkish slipper peeped out from beneath her gown and gave the only bit of color to her costume. Her brown hair was done up in a careless classic knot on the top of her head, and she looked as though she had just stepped out of a frame and it would take very little to make her step back again.

Nothing could be kinder than her manner to Rush. Her object seemed to be to make him forget himself and his troubles, and she talked about everything of interest she had seen. Rush followed her vaguely, for he could not shake off the load upon his heart. The more she talked and the more beautiful she looked, the worse he felt. Among other things, she asked him if he had seen anything of Uncle Lightfoot Myers while she was away. He replied that he had not seen him, but that Mr. Myers had left his card at his lodgings.

"I wonder if he is in town now. When was it that he left his card?"

Rush ran over in his mind all that awful time. He remembered his feelings when he found the old gentleman's card, and the recollection was more than he could bear.

"It was only a few days ago," he managed to say. "I had just got back from home." And, with this memory fresh in his mind, he buried his face in his hands. His frame shook with suppressed sobs, and the hot tears forced their way through his fingers. If you are inclined to call this an unmanly exhibition, you must remember that his nerves were strung up to a high pitch, that he had gone through a great deal during the past few days, and was not master of himself. Helen regarded him with feelings of the most profound pity. "Poor boy!" she said, softly. And, taking his hot head between her cool, soft palms, she kissed him gently on the forehead.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

PERHAPS you may think the kiss with which Helen touched Rush's brow made him happy. On the contrary, it made him very unhappy; for he knew that if she had loved him as he loved her she would not

more have kissed him than she would have put her hand in the fire and burned it off. It was a kiss of friendship,—a sisterly kiss,—any sort of kiss except the kiss of love; and Rush Hurlstone's heart sank into his boots. He felt more hopeless at that moment than at any other time during his courtship. His interview with Helen, however, did him good. It at least assured him of her friendship; and friendship, by careful cultivation, might be changed into something warmer.

West Hastings had not returned from Europe yet, and Rush had the field almost to himself, for it was early in the season, and the men whom Helen knew were mostly out of town. He himself was at her house every day,—not exactly as a caller, but more as a brother. It was to bring her a book, to show her something in the papers she might not have seen, to try over a piece of music with her: there was always some good excuse. Helen was more than glad to have him, partly because she liked attention, and partly because she liked a bright man with whom she could be on sisterly terms. Rush's hours at *The Dawn* office were such that his time was his own from noon, when he got up, until nine o'clock in the evening, when he was due at his desk, where he remained until two or half-past. The opera season would not begin until the middle of October, but Helen concluded to stay in New York to look after some costumes and rehearse some new rôles. Rush began to think that fate was kind to him at last, for nothing could have been more delightful than his afternoons at Helen's. Though neither Rush nor Helen was sentimental, as that term is usually interpreted, they were both very fond of poetry. Rush had read more than she had, and it was his delight to lead Helen through this path of literature. She was devoted to Mrs. Browning's sonnets from the Portuguese. Rush had gone through that phase, and led her on to the sonnets of Shakespeare and of Dante. The latter they read in the original, Helen reading, and Rush asking questions when he did not quite understand the Italian. It really was an ideal time, and Rush, being uncertain of the future, wished that it might last indefinitely. But of course this wasn't to be expected. It was soon over; and poetry gave way to contracts, Mr. Maxmann's visits growing more frequent as Rush's grew more rare.

However, Rush found himself at Helen's house as often as he could hope to be there. It really seemed as though he was necessary to her. His attentions were constant, but not annoying, and she soon began to realize that he was in love with her. At first she didn't like the idea at all, because she thought it would break a pleasant friendship. Anything beyond that seemed to her out of the question. He was entirely too young, though he was a dear, good fellow and she was very fond

of him. When she saw that he had apparently no intention of declaring himself, and that their relations remained just as they had been all along, she settled herself down to the old way, and almost made up her mind that a touch of such a feeling as Rush's added a piquancy to friendship.

Things went on this way all winter; but one day in the early spring Rush walked in upon her with a telegram in his hand. He looked excited, but not particularly happy.

"Here is a despatch from my chief," said he, "ordering me to London to reorganize *The Dawn* bureau over there. It is a big thing, as far as business goes, but I can't say that I feel like leaving New York. I shall be guided by your advice. What shall it be?"

Helen hesitated a few moments, and then said,—

"If you wish me to tell you what I believe would be for your best interests, I should say at once, 'Obey the order.' If I went by my own feelings, I should say, 'Stay at home,' for I shall miss you very much."

"Then I shall go, both because your judgment in the matter is sound, and because I shall be so flattered to have you miss me. Our chief orders by cable, and he expects his orders to be obeyed almost in the same manner. I shall have to sail to-morrow."

"To-morrow?"

"So the order says. Well, I suppose I had better let the folks at home know it, and make such arrangements as are necessary, and be off. I shall be around in the morning to say good-by, but this evening I shall have to devote to the office. There will be a thousand and one things to attend to. If there is anything I can do for you on the other side, command me. To be executing your orders, though three thousand miles away, will afford me the greatest delight." And so Rush talked on for half an hour, unable to tear himself away, though well aware that it was high time for him to be off.

The next morning he was at the house again. Helen was taking her late breakfast when he came in, dressed in her prettiest morning-gown, and looking like a bit out of Watteau as she sipped her tea from a Sèvres cup and patted the head of her pet greyhound. Helen was not one of those young women who think it vulgar to eat. She had a healthy appetite, and was fond of good eating; but she ate very daintily, and had a way of fixing her food before she began eating that made it particularly attractive. The presence of Rush did not in the least interfere with her appetite. She was very particular about her teas, and she brewed him a cup of what Americans usually call English breakfast tea, but what Rush called nectar. And so over the breakfast-table they laughed and talked until it was time for Rush to say good-by. He had

been very gay, nervously so, up to this point; but now his courage failed him, and Helen, too, showed signs of low spirits. She told him she was going to miss him; but she had no idea how much she would miss him when she spoke.

"I must give you something to remember me by, for if I do not you will forget me over there among those pretty English girls." And she looked about her for something appropriate. "Ah, here is just the thing," she said, going to her writing-desk. "Watch-seals are coming into fashion again: here is a curious old one that belonged to my grandfather; he sealed all his love-letters to my grandmother with it. I don't know whether I ought to give you an heirloom, but then I feel as if you were one of the family,—a younger brother, or cousin, or something of the sort. See: isn't it odd?" And she handed the seal to Rush.

He examined the curious workmanship, and then turned the seal to the light. It was not only old-fashioned; it was very odd. The stone was sardonyx, and the intaglio represented a dove flying with a letter tied around its neck. Underneath was the legend, in French, "From thy true lover." Rush blushed to the roots of his hair as he read it; but Helen, who had forgotten what the inscription was until she saw him blush, pretended not to notice. Taking the seal carelessly from his hand, she fastened it on his watch-chain.

"There," she said, "let that be your talisman. See that you don't give it away, and good luck will attend you while you wear it."

"You couldn't have given me anything that would please me more," said Rush, recovering from his embarrassment. "For you to care to give me any parting gift is of itself flattery enough; but to give me a thing about which there is such a pretty family sentiment is beyond anything I had a right to expect. You may be sure that I will never part from this talisman. I shall get so fond of it that my only fear is that I may use it for sealing office-letters. That would be horrible, wouldn't it? I should like,"—and he hesitated,—"I should like to seal such letters as I may be allowed to send to you with it." And he looked eagerly for her reply.

"Indeed no," she answered him, banteringly. "What a scrape I would find myself in with my French maid! Before two letters were sent, you would find paragraphs in the newspapers about it. No, indeed, my friend; no practical jokes at my expense."

Rush felt that his time had not come yet, so there was nothing left for him to do but to leave a good-by message for Aunt Rebecca, who was at the Academy of Music, harassing Maxmann, say good-by to Helen, and take himself off.

"Well," said he, rising, "the best of friends must part. I little thought when I bade you *bon voyage* last spring that in a few months I should hear the same words from your lips. I shall be awfully homesick, there's no doubt of that; but if you will occasionally drop me a line, if it's only a business letter, I shall be supremely happy."

"You know I am a poor correspondent," answered Helen; "but you can relieve your homesickness by writing to me. I love to get letters, particularly such interesting ones as you will be sure to write: only don't seal them with that seal." And she laughed a merry laugh. "You must tell me everything about your business, for I am very much interested in your success," she added, taking his hand.

"Whatever success I have had, or am to have, Miss Knowlton, is due to your encouragement. The kind words I have had from you, and the desire I have to make myself worthy of your kindness, are an incentive that few young men have when they begin the work of their lives," said Rush, with a touch of sentiment in his voice.

"It's very amiable of you to say so, and I should be very pleased to know that any word of mine had been of help or encouragement to you; but I think you overestimate the encouragement you have received from me. Not that I am not deeply interested in you: both Aunt Rebecca and I liked you the very first day we saw you. You are a particular favorite of my aunt's. I won't say what I think of you," she added, with a smile: "it might make you vain."

So they said good-by, and in a short time Rush was on board the steamer bound for Liverpool. Archie Tillinghast came down to see him off, and brought a pleasant message from the Archers,—Bessie and all. They congratulated him on his foreign appointment, and hoped that it was but the stepping-stone to better things at home. And so Rush sailed from New York. He was a good sailor, and enjoyed every hour of the voyage. There were not many people going over, but those who were proved to be agreeable travelling-companions. Rush spent a good deal of his time in writing letters to Helen that he never intended to send, and in sealing them with the forbidden seal. The amount of comfort he extracted from this imaginary correspondence was really astonishing.

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

ARRIVED in London, the first thing Rush did after engaging lodgings was to call upon his chief. He found Mr. Plummatt in an amiable frame of mind and disposed to be very friendly. Rush learned afterwards that his chief's good humor and accessibility on this occasion



were a lucky accident. At another time he might have been unapproachable, but on this particular afternoon something had happened to put him in a good humor, and Rush got the benefit of it.

John Gaspar Plummatt was a peculiar man. He was the son of a very able father, and had inherited a fortune and a newspaper. As a young man he had been very wild, and at forty he was not tamed to any great extent. His exuberance of spirits showed itself in the conduct of his paper. He got up the wildest schemes, and generally carried them out with success, thus making *The Dawn* the best-known newspaper in America, and the best-known American newspaper in Europe. Plummatt, without being handsome, was very distinguished-looking. He had a tall, aristocratic figure, and bore himself with a great deal of dignity. It would be impossible for a stranger to pass him in the street without turning around and saying to his companion, if he happened to have one, "Who is that distinguished-looking man?" He was very particular about his dress, and had a style of his own that his friends tried to imitate; but, as few had such a figure, the imitation was not successful. People who knew Plummatt slightly fancied that his wild schemes were without method, and that he was a harum-scarum sort of fellow, who did everything hit-or-miss, and whose business was at loose ends. On the contrary, he always knew what he was about, and he had a long head for business. Although he was seldom in New York, he watched his paper carefully and knew who wrote every article in it. He had been looking closely after Rush ever since he came upon the paper, and was very much pleased with his work. When he found that his London office was not managed as he thought it should be, he at once made up his mind that Rush was the man to reorganize it. And he proved to be right. In a general way he told Rush what he would like to see done; but he did not give very minute instructions, as he wanted to see what the young man would do if left to himself. Having had charge of the foreign department in New York, Rush knew its shortcomings and had a plan mapped out for its improvement. This he laid before Mr. Plummatt. It won his instant approval.

Rush thoroughly disliked the system of "interviewing," carried on as it had been up to this time; but he saw opportunities for making it a great feature. To run after every fifth-class actress before she had fairly landed in New York and ask her what she thought of America was disgusting to him; but to get a statesman to talk upon an important subject, or to get personal memoirs from distinguished men of letters, he believed was not only interesting, but a legitimate branch of journalism. His brightness and sincerity of purpose made him a great

many friends among the public men of England, and he succeeded in getting some important interviews out of them. In the matter of foreign news he kept *The Dawn* hours ahead of any other New York paper, and everybody interested in newspaper work said that Rush Hurlstone was a journalist of mark.

For two years Rush stayed in London. Two busy years they were. In all this time he had not seen Helen, but he had heard from her occasionally. She did not hesitate to tell him that she missed him, but she did not tell him how much she wished that he was back in New York. If Rush had planned his absence as a ruse, he could not have planned a more successful one. The man who invented the proverb "Out of sight, out of mind" didn't know what he was talking about. "Out of sight, *never* out of mind" would be nearer the truth. Helen had never thought so much of Rush as during his absence. I can't say that he thought more of her, for I do not see how that would have been possible. Helen's life was a busy one, too; but still she missed Rush almost as much as though she had been an idle woman. He was not a man to be taken out of a young woman's life and not be missed. Rush heard occasionally from Archie Tillinghast, who sometimes spoke of Helen, but more frequently of Bessie Archer.

Bessie was getting to be more like her old self, and Archie began to hope, as she now had no crack-brained agitators on her visiting-list. She had tried wood-carving and amateur photography as a pastime, and now she was amusing herself by trying to hatch chickens with a patent incubator. Rush was very glad to hear this, for he had feared that Bessie, in her craving for something that society could not give her, might fall again into dangerous company. He did not know her. The lesson she had had lasted her a lifetime.

At the end of Rush's two years in London, Mr. Plummatt sent for him to come over to Paris, where he was living in great style. Rush crossed the Channel, and hurried on to Paris to learn a piece of important news. The managing editor of *The Dawn* was getting too old to do his work satisfactorily, so Mr. Plummatt concluded to retire him on a pension and offer Rush the vacant chair, with a salary of ten thousand dollars. This the young editor was only too well pleased to accept. Armed with his chief's orders, he returned to New York by the first steamer. None of his friends knew of his coming. He hadn't time to write, and he thought it hardly worth while to cable. The trip home was as uneventful as the trip over had been, but Rush's sensations were immeasurably different. Before he had been sailing away from Helen, now he was sailing to her; and when the vessel reached Quarantine he made a rough calculation to see if he would not gain time by swimming

ashore. He concluded, however, that he would be taken for a thief or a lunatic if he gave way to any such impulse, and so remained quietly on board until the vessel arrived at her dock. Again he had to restrain himself, for he wanted to drive direct to Helen's house from the steamer. Instead, he drove to the Brevoort, which was his head-quarters for some time to come. New York had never looked so attractive to him as it did on this October morning. He saw plainly enough where it fell short of London's grandeur ; but there was a home-like look about the place that was very grateful to a man who had been away for two years. Even the strangers in the streets looked like old friends.

Rush had learned from a daily paper, brought on board the steamer by the pilot, that the opera season would not begin for a fortnight, so he knew that Helen's time would be comparatively unemployed. He also saw by the same paper that "our distinguished prima donna, Miss Helen Knowlton," had arrived in town from Saratoga, and was occupying "her charming little house in West Twentieth Street." He first sent a telegram to his mother, telling her that he had arrived, and then he set about unpacking his trunks and preparing to call upon Helen. He divested himself of his travelling-clothes, and, after a refreshing bath, arrayed himself in the latest style of English afternoon dress, and sallied forth. Before he started out, he looked at himself in the long mirror in his room, and congratulated himself that he appeared at least ten years older than when he left. The reason for this was largely attributable to the imposing Vandyke beard and moustache he had grown during his absence, which not only made him look older, but were exceedingly becoming.

Arrived in sight of Helen's house, Rush felt his heart beating like a trip-hammer ; but it almost stood still when he got to within twenty feet of the door, for there, slowly coming down the front steps, was the hated West Hastings. Hastings was so much occupied with his own thoughts that he did not see Rush. The expression on his face was one of undisguised surprise. He looked as though it were impossible for him to believe what had happened ; but whether he could not realize his good fortune or his bad, Rush was unable to decide. He made up his mind, however, that he would know before he left Helen's house, and end the suspense he had been living in for the past five years. He had had no such thought when he left the hotel, but the sight of West Hastings aroused all the jealousy in his nature and made him fully alive to the fact that he was occupying a very uncertain position. His mind was now fixed, and he rang the door-bell with such a determined pull that the little bell tinkled for nearly four minutes, and the old manservant who had been so long attached to Helen's service forgot his dig-

nity for once and came running to the door. He was as much pleased as surprised to see Rush, and ushered him unannounced into the drawing-room, where Helen was standing, apparently lost in thought, before the wood fire that crackled on the hearth. Indeed, she was so absorbed that she did not hear Rush enter the room, and he had the pleasure of gazing upon her in all her lovely unconsciousness. A long sigh escaped from her lips, and, as she raised her eyes, she saw Rush advancing towards her. A look of terror passed over her face, and she gave a low cry of alarm.

"I hope I have not frightened you," said Rush, taking her hand; "but I was so lost in admiration that I did not dare to speak and break the charm."

When she saw that it was Rush, and not an apparition, she blushed to the tips of her shell-like ears, and said,—

"I was thinking of you at that very moment, and when I looked up and saw you standing there before me, my heart stood still, and I actually thought it was a spirit, and not real flesh and blood. But how you have changed! You look older by years than you did when you went away."

"I am delighted to hear that, for you used to torture me with remarks on my youthful appearance," said Rush, leading her to a chair and taking her vacant place on the hearth-rug.

"Did I? I am grieved to know that I was ever so rude as to make such personal remarks; but I can never say anything of that sort again, for you certainly look much more than two years older."

"I cannot say that of you," said Rush: "you look ten years younger."

"Don't tell me that: people always begin telling a woman how young she looks when they realize that she is no longer young. It is the first sign that old age is creeping on. But tell me what this means: why are you home? I suppose your departure from London must have been sudden, or you would have let your friends know of the treat in store for them."

"Now, please don't guy me, Miss Knowlton," said Rush. "My departure from the other side was sudden: I didn't know until forty-eight hours before I sailed that I was to come. The chief sent for me to meet him in Paris. There he told me he wanted me to become managing editor of *The Dawn* at once: so I hurried back to New York by the first steamer."

"Managing editor of *The Dawn*! You take your honors coolly. That is as fine a position as a journalist could have. I congratulate you; but I am not surprised. From the way I heard people speak of your work in London, I was prepared for anything."

"People were very kind to speak well of my work. If they had only known my incentive, however, they would have wondered why I didn't do better. But enough about me; tell me about yourself: that is a much more interesting subject. You looked sad as I entered, and you breathed a deep sigh. Has anything gone wrong? I wish you would make me your confidant; you must know that I would not only share any of your troubles, but take the burden of them upon my own shoulders most cheerfully."

A troubled expression passed over Helen's face, and yet with it there was a little twinkle in her eye, as though something amusing had happened.

"I saw Mr. Hastings leaving your door as I entered. Had you said anything to make him very happy—or very unhappy? His face wore a most peculiar expression."

"I don't know whether he was happy or unhappy in his mind: the only sensation he expressed before me was one of surprise." And she smiled at the thought.

"You will forgive me if I ask you a question point-blank. I have a feeling that Mr. Hastings made a proposal of marriage to you this afternoon. Am I right?" said Rush, as quietly as a man could when very much excited.

"Mr. Hurlstone," said Helen, rising, "you forget yourself. Your question is impertinent."

"No, it is not impertinent. No man who loves a woman as I love you would ask her an impertinent question. I must be answered once and for all. Every one says you are engaged to Mr. Hastings. Is it true?"

Rush's heart beat so hard and fast that it almost choked him. His eyes were fixed intently upon Helen's, as though he would read every thought that passed through her brain. She hesitated a moment before answering him; and then she said, slowly, in a low, soft voice,—

"No, I am not engaged to Mr. Hastings. I have never been engaged to him, and I never shall be."

"Then, Helen," said Rush, taking her hand, "will you listen to me? I have loved you devotedly for five years,—ever since my eyes first saw your beautiful face. I have had no thought but of you during all these years. I did not tell you of my love, because I believed that you were not to be taken by storm,—at least, not by me, who at that time could be nothing more to you than a boyish acquaintance. But I lived every day of my life with the one end in view. You are to me life, and love, and everything that there is in the world. If you will be my wife, you will have a lover for a husband to the end of



your days. If you say no to me, God help me! I am not man enough to bear such a blow quietly. But you will not say no, Helen,—you cannot say no to a man who adores you, who worships you, who lives only for you. I must know; I cannot live any longer in suspense. Helen—darling—will you be my wife?"

Rush spoke every word slowly, and with an intensity that there was no mistaking. Helen stood pale as death before him, and, in a voice scarcely audible, said,—

"It cannot be! it cannot be!"

"My God, Helen, what do you mean? Do you love another man?"

"No, I love no other man; but it cannot be: you would repent in sackcloth and ashes before you were thirty. Don't you know I am five years older than you? I would be an old woman while you were a young man."

"And would you let such a thing as that wreck a man's life? I couldn't love a woman younger than myself. A woman is not interesting to me until she is thirty, though I began to love you when you were twenty-five. Is this question of years the only obstacle in my way, Helen?"

"It is insurmountable," said Helen, in a whisper, turning her head away.

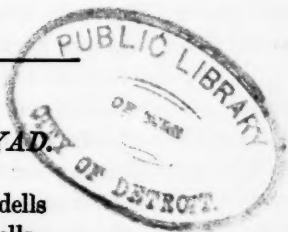
"My darling!" And Rush's strong arms were around her in a second, and her head was resting on his broad shoulder. The long twilight shadows lay across the floor; but Rush saw only the glory of the October sun as its rays fell upon the face of her whom he had at last won after years of patient waiting.

THE END.

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THE DRYAD.

WITHIN these dells  
A dryad dwells  
Amid the wind-blown pimpernels;  
Yet none have seen  
Her trip between  
The glimmering vistas, silvery green,  
Though many feel her mystic spells.



May it be mine  
Some morn divine  
To see her fluttering garments shine,  
And hear the beat  
Of hurrying feet  
Upon the ferns and grasses sweet,  
And catch her laughter, airy fine.

For whoso sees  
Amid the trees  
Her form that like a phantom flees,  
To him alone  
There shall be shown  
Deep secrets to no mortal known,  
All nature's subtle mysteries :

What rushes say  
At dusk of day,—  
The perfect prayer that lilies pray,—  
The amorous art  
To win a heart  
Unfolding rose-buds might impart,—  
Where hides the will-o'-the wisp away,—

Why fireflies light  
Their lanterns bright  
On each serene midsummer night,—  
The words that float  
On every note  
That wells from out a feathered throat,—  
Where insect armies take their flight.

All this, and more,  
Shall be his store  
Who sees her foot the forest floor ;  
Then be it mine  
Some morn divine  
To meet her 'neath a hoary pine  
And learn the symbols of her lore !

*Clinton Scollard.*

## MR. KEELY'S ETHERIC FORCE.

All things do by scale ascend to unity.—BACON.

To nature, eternal nature, must truth ever make her first and last appeal.

One principle binds together all Nature's works. God in his unity pervades them all.

There is no law of nature yet known to us but may be apparently contravened by the action of more recondite laws or forces.—A. R. WALLACE, LL.D.

SCIENCE is like a stately and wide-spreading tree, stretching outward and upward its ever-growing boughs, which are laden with glorious food for the healing of the nations. As yet mankind has reached only to its lowermost branches, too often satisfied with the dead calyxes which have fallen from it to the ground, after serving their uses for the protection of the vital germs of truth. The seed-germ of the next advance in science can only germinate as the dry husk decays, within which its potentiality was secretly developed.

For upwards of ten centuries false portions of the philosophy of Aristotle enslaved the minds of civilized Europe, only, at last, to perish and pass away like withered leaves.

The most perfect system of philosophy must always be that which can reconcile and bring together the greatest number of facts that can come within the sphere of the subject. In this consists the sole glory of Newton, whose discovery rests upon no higher order of proof. In the words of Dr. Chalmers, "Authority scowled upon this discovery, taste was disgusted by it, and fashion was ashamed of it. All the beauteous speculation of former days was cruelly broken up by this new announcement of the better philosophy, and scattered like the fragments of an aerial vision, over which the past generations of the world had been slumbering their profound and pleasing reverie."

Thus we see that time is no sure test of a doctrine, nor ages of ignorance any standard by which to measure a system. Facts can have a value only when properly represented and demonstrated by proof. Velpeau said nothing can lie like a fact. Sir Humphry Davy asserted that no one thing had so much checked the progress of philosophy as the confidence of teachers in delivering dogmas as facts, which it would be presumptuous to question. This reveals the spirit which made the crude physics of Aristotle the natural philosophy of Europe.

The philosophy of vibratory rotation, which is to be propounded to the world, reveals the identity of facts which seem dissimilar, binding

together into a system the most unconnected and unlike results of experience, apparently. John Worrell Keely, the discoverer of etheric force and the propounder of this new philosophy, learned at an early stage of his researches not to accept dogmas as truths, finding it safer to trust to that "inner light" which has guided him than to wander after the *ignes-fatui* of a false system. He has been like a traveller exploring an unknown zone in the shade of night, losing his way at times, but ever keeping before him the gleam of breaking day which dawned upon him at the start. Scientists have kept aloof from him, or, after superficial examinations, have branded him as "a modern Cagliostro," "a wizard," "a magician," and "a fraud." Calumnies he never stoops to answer, for he knows that when his last problem is solved to his own satisfaction his discovery and his inventions will defend him in trumpet tones around our globe. Buchanan says, "Who would expect a society of learned men, the special cultivators and guardians of science, as they claim to be, to know as much of the wonderful philosophy now developing as those who have no artificial reputation to risk in expressing an opinion, no false and inflated conceptions of dignity and stability to hold them back, and who stand ready to march on from truth to truth as fast and far as experimental demonstration can lead them?"

There are much greater obstacles in overcoming old errors in the physical sciences than in discovering new truths,—the mind in the first case being fettered, in the last perfectly free in its progress. To say that any class of opinions shall not be impugned, that their truth shall not be called in question, is at once to declare that these opinions are infallible and that their authors cannot err. This is egregiously absurd and presumptuous. It is fixing bounds to human knowledge and saying men cannot learn by experience,—that they can never be wiser in future than they are to-day. The vanity and folly of this are sufficiently evidenced by the history of various religious beliefs and of philosophy. The great changes which have taken place show that what our ancestors considered indisputable truths their posterity discovered to be gross errors.

Johnson tells us that the first care of the builder of a new system is to demolish the fabrics that are standing. But the cobwebs of age cannot be disturbed without rousing the bats, to whom daylight is death.

Truth, like a torch, tells two tales. Not only does it open up to mankind a path to escape from the evils which surround them, but, breaking upon a long night of ignorance, it betrays to the eyes of the awakened sleeper the false guides who have led him into labyrinths of error.

Kepler, with prophetic vision, predicted that the causes of the planetary motions would not long continue latent: he was persuaded, to quote from the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*," that the full discovery of their mysteries was reserved for our age, when God would reveal them.

When has Nature ever whispered her secrets but for the advancement of our race on that royal road which leads to the subjugation of the power she reveals? But not until the inspiration of thought has done its work in applying the power to mechanics can the tyrant thus encountered be transformed into the slave.

So was it with steam, so has it been with electricity, and so will it be with vibratory force. All experience shows that the steady progress of the patient study of what are termed Nature's laws does not attract public attention until there are some practical results. Professor Tyndall has said that the men who go close to the mouth of Nature and listen to her communications leave the discoveries they make for the benefit of posterity to be developed by practical men. The invention of vibratory machinery for the liberation and the operation in mechanics of etheric force is an instance where practical application of the discovery may be made by the discoverer. After years of experiments with this force, what does the public know of its nature? Nothing; for as yet no practical results have been obtained. Here is a power sustaining the same relations to electricity that the trunk of a tree does to its branches,—the discovery of which heralds to the scientific world what the Star of Bethlehem heralded to mankind morally. Its possibilities as affecting motive industries are such as should command the attention of all men; and yet it is known only as a theme for jest and ridicule and reproach! And why is this? Partly from the mismanagement of a prematurely-organized Keely Motor Company, and partly because men competent to judge for themselves have preferred to take the opinion of others not competent, instead of investigating each for himself.

Philosophy, wisdom, and liberty support one another: he who will not examine for himself, who will not look into the future by the light of the torch which the past ever holds aloft, flinging its illuminating rays down the stream of time, is a bigot; he who cannot, is a fool; and he who dares not, is a slave. Attempts to interest scientists in the marvellous mechanism by which etheric force is evolved from the atmosphere have failed, even as Galileo failed at Padua to persuade the principal professor of philosophy there to look at the moon and planets through his glasses. The professor pertinaciously refused,—so wrote Galileo to his friend Kepler. Mankind hate truth, said Lady Mary



Montague: she should have said, mankind hate new truths. Her remark gives us the clue which leads to the root of the antagonism evinced by scientists towards the founder of the system of Vibratory Etheric Philosophy. Lord Wharnccliffe tells us that Lady Mary regretted her attempt to introduce inoculation for small-pox into England, because of the persecution and obloquy which it brought upon her. The medical faculty all rose in arms to a man, foretelling the most disastrous consequences; yet we now read in medical biography that this discovery was hailed by the principal members of the profession and the method adopted by them instantly. The most simple and rational advances in medical science have been received with scorn and derision, or with stupid censure. Harvey was nicknamed "the circulator"\* after his discovery of the circulation of the blood,—which discovery was ridiculed by his colleagues and compeers. The same reception awaited Jenner's introduction of vaccination.

The revelation of new truths is like the upheaval of rocks which reveal deeply-hidden strata. Stolid conservatism dislikes and avoids such facts, because they involve new facts and disturb old theories. The leaden weight of scepticism drags down the minds of many, paralyzing their power of reasoning upon facts which reveal truth from another stand-point than their own, with a new simplicity and grandeur in the divine laws of the universe. Others there are, embracing the majority of mankind, according to Hazlitt, who stick to an opinion that they have long supported, and that *supports* them. But whenever a discovery or invention has made its way so well by itself as to achieve reputation, most people assert that they always believed in it from the first; and so will it be with etheric force, in time.

In our day so rapidly are anticipations realized and sanguine hopes converted into existing facts, one wonderful discovery followed by another, that it is strange to find men possessing any breadth of intellect rejecting truths from hearsay, instead of examining all things and holding fast to the truth. The laws of etheric force need only to be demonstrated and understood to carry conviction of their truth with them. They control our world and everything in it, from matter to spirit. They control all the systems of worlds in the universe; *for it is the force which Kepler predicted would in this century be revealed to man.* The divine element is shown by the laws of etheric force to be like the sun behind the clouds,—the source of all light, though itself unseen. It is the latent basis of all human knowledge, as latent caloric and electricity are at the base of all material forms. Intellect is proved

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\* In Latin the word means "quack."

to be not the sole medium of association ; feelings are linked to feelings, and one emotion rouses another without consciousness or consent.

Willcox says of the mysterious union of soul and body that this is one of those arcana of God that physical science cannot unveil. "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther," is a dictum unknown to science. Though research may never as yet have dissolved what are called the simples of chemistry, who can say that it never will make known to us whether these elements are simple or compound radicals of body ? True, all is speculation until demonstrated as fact. The speculations of men of science, says Olcott, have carried them to the outermost verge of the physical universe. Behind them lie not only a thousand brilliant triumphs by which a part of Nature's secrets have been wrung from her, but also more thousands of failures to fathom her deep mysteries. We know that whatever has occurred, whatever will occur, must have taken place, or must take place, within the operation of natural law. It is the old, old story of evolution, change, and growth, opening up new truths or higher workings of the same laws, which reveal that there is nothing supernatural, nothing that we may not aspire to know, nothing so "mysterious" that may not be unveiled to us when the mists of ignorance dissolve.

Already the existence of etheric force is as well established as was the expansive power of steam in the days when the world looked on and laughed at Rumsey and Fitch and Fulton while they were constructing their steamboats. Even when they were used for inland navigation, men of science declared ocean navigation by steam impracticable, up to the very hour of its consummation. In like manner with electricity, scientists declared an ocean telegraph impossible, asserting that the current strong enough to bear messages would melt the wires. Nothing could be more unpopular than railways were at their start. In England Stephenson's were called "nuisances," and false prophets arose then (as now with Mr. Keely's inventions) to foretell their failure. It was predicted that they would soon be abandoned, and, if not given up, that they would starve the poor, destroy canal interests, crush thousands in fearful accidents, and cover the land with horror.

When I say etheric force is *established*, I do not mean that it is established by a favorable verdict from public opinion,—which, as Douglas Jerrold said, is but the average stupidity of mankind, and which is always steadily and persistently opposed to great and revolutionary discoveries. Establishment consists in convincing men competent to judge that the effects produced by etheric force could not be caused by any known force. And it is now years since such a verdict

was first given, substantiated repeatedly, since, by the testimony of men as incapable of fraud or collusion as is the discoverer himself.

Newton, in discovering the existence of a force which we call gravity, did not pursue his investigations sufficiently far to proclaim a power which neutralizes or overcomes gravity, the existence of which Mr. Keely demonstrates in his vibratory-lift experiments.

But it is one thing to discover a force in nature, and quite another thing to control it. It is one thing to lasso a wild horse, and quite another thing to subdue the animal, harness it, bridle it, and get the curb-bits in the mouth.

The discoverer of etheric force has lassoed his wild horse; he has harnessed it and bridled it; and when he has the bits in their place, etheric force will take its stand with steam and electricity, asking nothing, and giving more than was ever before conferred on the human race.

*Mrs. Bloomfield Moore.*

### EVOLUTION.

TWO flying forms, in pathless deeps of night,  
 Watched the great spheres about them wheel and flame,  
 And many a planet, where it swept with might  
 Round many a central sun, they named by name.

They spoke of races whom the gradual spell  
 Of wisdom won had raised from crime and vice,—  
 How hate and sin had made this world a hell,  
 And love had made that world a paradise!

And while they singled, either near or far,  
 Bright orb from orb in heaven's untold abyss,  
 At last one pointed to a certain star,  
 And said, with dubious gesture, "What of this?"

"Earth it is called," his musing mate replied,  
 "By those dim swarms its continents beget.  
 'Tis a young star; and they that there abide  
 Shall not wear wings, like us, for centuries yet!"

*Edgar Fawcett.*

## A BACHELOR'S BLUNDER.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## A GENEROUS OFFER.

THAT the fascinations of Dublin society are very great is what no Sassenach, however bigoted, will venture to deny; yet, if a man's chief interests happen to be centred in London and its vicinity, also if he be fully persuaded in his own mind that only one small section of society is really worthy of his attention, he cannot suffer transplantation without a wrench, and the officers of Her Majesty's Foot Guards are, perhaps, a little too much given to indulge in complaints and murmurings when they are despatched across St. George's Channel. This makes it the more gratifying to be able to state that the battalion to which Captain Cunningham belonged afforded one conspicuous exception to the above rule, in the person of Captain Cunningham himself.

Bertie had, indeed, reasons for congratulating himself upon his change of quarters, of which his anxiety to be removed from the neighborhood of Farndon was only one,—though doubtless the chief. He had been profoundly mortified—and almost as much puzzled as mortified—by the indignant contempt with which Hope had received his avowal of love. Nothing of that kind had ever happened to him before; no one had ever addressed such language to him (though he had given more than one person an excellent excuse for so doing), and he could not quite understand it. Of course he had done wrong. He had said what ought not to have been said; he had broken his resolution, and, in a severely literal sense, he had certainly insulted the woman whom he loved. But he could not help being astonished that she should say or think so. When the days passed on, bringing him no acknowledgment of his apology, he felt that he was being punished with almost vindictive rigor, and, although his love for Hope was not diminished by what he considered her needless cruelty, it was a great relief to him to be ordered to a city in which he would run no risk of chance encounters with her. He was glad, too, to be out of Carry's reach; and, again, he was glad to be out of the reach of his friend Mrs. Pierpoint; finally, he was very glad to be out of the reach of duns.

This security, it is true, was rather apparent than real; for Dublin, after all, is not so very far away, and the postal service which connects it with the metropolis is admirably organized. If Bertie had lost sight of the above circumstance, he was speedily reminded of it. In fact, he

had not been a week in Ireland when he received by one and the same delivery a batch of most disquieting letters. He was a man who habitually received a great many letters, of which a fair proportion were rather pleasant than otherwise, and it was his sensible rule always to read the disagreeable ones first. When, therefore, he recognized his father's handwriting upon one of the envelopes, he unhesitatingly accorded to it the place of honor, and its contents fully justified his discrimination.

Sir Robert Cunningham was afflicted with a large family, a large estate, a moderate rent-roll, and a short temper. His younger sons had been no sort of comfort to him, and when he could get hold of them he took good care to make things excessively uncomfortable for them in return. Therefore they usually skipped nimbly out of his way, and, as he detested letter-writing, he only communicated with them when under the influence of great exasperation. Such an influence had evidently been strong upon him when he sat down to indite the epistle which our friend Bertie was now perusing. The old gentleman's style was terse and vigorous. He wasted no space in prefatory remarks, but came straight to the point :

"DEAR BERTIE [he wrote],—What the devil do your confounded tailors and saddlers mean by sending in their bills to me? Even you can hardly be such an ass as to think that I shall pay them. I am not going to be bothered in this way, and if anything of the kind occurs again I shall cut one hundred pounds a year off your allowance to teach you better manners. Since I am writing to you, I may as well mention that I am not half pleased with what I have been hearing about you lately. I understand that you are still playing fast and loose with a lady whom report says that you might have married, and ought to have married, any time during the last year or more. If you choose to throw away an ample income, that is your affair; you are free to please yourself. But you are not free to behave in a manner unbecoming a gentleman; and rumors have reached my ears of an entanglement connected with this affair which strikes me as highly discreditable. You had better take this as a warning and mind what you are about; for, as sure as I am alive, I will stop your allowance altogether if you disgrace yourself; and, from what I know of you, you will hardly enjoy supporting yourself by manual labor."

A truly sickening missive! Bertie tossed it aside with a grimace, and proceeded to a further examination of his correspondence. The next letter on the list was from Mr. Abraham Levison, financial agent; and Mr. Abraham Levison said that this would never, never do! Such



leniency as he had shown to Captain Cunningham was without a parallel in the whole history of his benevolent career. Probably there was no man in London or elsewhere who would have lent money upon terms so absurdly easy; certainly there was no other who would have displayed such boundless patience. But to everything there must be an end. Business was business; and unless Captain Cunningham would consent to be a little more business-like—etc., etc. Then came a politely-worded but decisive request from a well-known firm of West-End hosiers. Captain Cunningham's account had now been running on for upwards of five years, and they were compelled reluctantly to demand immediate payment. A Windsor tradesman was less urbane: "I can't stand it no longer, nor yet I won't stand it. You must settle, captain, and look sharp about it, too, or I'll have the law of you, and that's flat."

After running his eye over several other intimations similar in character and more or less peremptory in tone, Bertie felt himself in a fit frame of mind to read a somewhat bulky letter which he had already recognized as coming from Miss Herbert. "I wonder what *she* has got to say! Possibly she, too, may have decided to 'have the law of me' if I am not more business-like," he murmured, with a dreary little laugh.

However, Carry's did not prove to be a threatening letter. It was written, as her letters always were, in a style expressive rather of good-fellowship than of tender sentiments, and it conveyed the news—somewhat startling to its recipient—of Dick's sudden disappearance from the scene. "I am really quite ashamed of him," his sister declared, "and I can't help being very sorry for poor Hope, though she is rather a goose, in my opinion. Ever since he left, she has been going about with a face as long as your arm, and making the most piteous and futile efforts to look as if nothing was the matter. I have done my little best to console her, but have only got snubbed for my pains. However, I won't run her down, for I am aware that you have looked upon her as an angel since you broke your leg and she read good books to you. By the bye, did she read good books to you? But I am sure she did; and you are just the man to delight in that kind of thing when stretched upon a bed of sickness. For my own part, I only wish she *were* an angel; at least, I wish she had wings. In that case she would doubtless take flight for Wyoming, and I might ask a few cheery people to stay. As things are at present, the house is about as gay as my own house in Yorkshire used to be when it wasn't my own house, and when poor old Aunt Anne was laboriously keeping herself alive with tea-kettles."

At this point Bertie laid down the sheet and became lost in meditation. Why was Hope's face so long, and why was she inconsolable? Assuredly not because her husband had gone away. He had seen too much of their daily relations to believe that either of them had more than a sober sort of liking for the other. And then, again, what did Herbert mean by rushing off to the other side of the world at a moment's notice? But, not being good at solving problems, and being really convinced that Hope's character was an angelic one, he soon ceased to perplex himself, murmuring, with a sigh, "Well, it can't make much odds to me, anyhow: I have done for myself completely and finally, and I don't suppose she will ever forgive me. Even if she loved me as I love her, she would die before she would admit it."

Then he returned to Carry's letter, which he had left at the end of a page; and the first words that met his eye, on turning over the next one, caused him to give a low whistle. "As I am doing no good here," she continued, "and as I am bored beyond all power of words to describe, I have decided on trying the effect of a little change. There is nothing in the world that I abhor quite so much as yachting; yet I am going to yacht. The Fortescues have invited me to go on a cruise to the west coast of Scotland with them, and I am to join them at Kingstown in a day or two. I had not the courage to go all the way from Southampton in the yacht, as they wanted me to do. You must come on board and see us, and tell us how you are getting on in Paddyland. The name of the yacht is the 'Flying Scud,'—painfully suggestive; but I presume that she will at least refrain from flying and scudding while she is in Kingstown Harbor."

Bertie felt that the Fates were closing in upon him. Duty and indebtedness, an angry and determined father, duns not less angry and determined, a lady whose determination yielded in nothing to theirs, although as yet she did not appear to be angry,—these, surely, formed an encircling host powerful enough to make any harassed young man yield at discretion and say, "Have it your own way, then!" Bertie was very much disposed to adopt that inglorious course. After all, it was nothing but what he had known and declared to be inevitable for a long time past. Yet, when he thought of Hope, and pictured to himself the look of disdain which would come over her face on hearing that he had engaged himself to her sister-in-law, he exclaimed, aloud, "No: hang it! I can't. I'd rather chuck up everything and emigrate to New Zealand or some such place. Other fellows have done it, and why shouldn't I? Though, as the governor so amiably remarks, manual labor is not exactly the kind of thing that I am likely to enjoy."

He smiled slightly, looking down at his hands. They were well-

shaped, strong little hands, and could do all that their owner desired of them with a gun or a cricket-bat or a pair of sculls; but whether they could be employed with success upon ploughs and spades was another question. In his heart of hearts Bertie probably knew very well that he would never put them to any such use; but for the next few days—until the "*Flying Scud*" came into harbor, in fact—he amused himself with speculating upon the prospects of a colonial career, and even went so far as to buy two or three books relating to New Zealand and glance through their pages. Then, one morning, a note reached him from Mrs. Fortescue, a lady with whom he was well acquainted, asking him to lunch on board, and casually mentioning that his "friend Miss Herbert" had arrived. An excuse might have been invented without difficulty; but it was less troublesome to accept; and when Bertie had more than one course open to him, he invariably and upon principle chose the least troublesome.

The "*Flying Scud*" was a large schooner of nearly three hundred tons, and when Captain Cunningham stepped on to her deck he found himself surrounded by quite a considerable group of friends, of whom Carry, in a neat yachting-costume, was one. They were very glad to see him, for he was universally liked, and he, too, was glad to see them and hear what they had to tell him about the world, from which he considered himself to be cut off; so that in a very short time the memory of his various troubles faded away from his mind. It was only when his eyes met Carry's, as they did from time to time, that a vague feeling of apprehension came over him.

After luncheon the company dispersed with some suddenness. The owner of the yacht went ashore, taking the greater part of his guests with him; others went out fishing; and thus it came to pass that Bertie, who was reclining in a wicker chair beneath the awning and enjoying a cigarette, looked round and discovered that his only companions were Mrs. Fortescue and Miss Herbert.

"Now, Captain Cunningham," said the former, "you can't be allowed to be lazy any longer. Do you understand sailing a boat?"

"Of course I do," answered Bertie.

"Then you shall take us out in the cutter. There is just enough breeze to fill the sail, and the water is smooth enough even for Carry."

Bertie said that would be very jolly; but he was not quite so sure about the jollity of it when the two ladies, who had gone below to make some change in their dress, reappeared, and when Mrs. Fortescue announced that, after all, she had decided to remain on board, having rather a headache and being afraid of the sun. "I dare say you can be trusted not to drown Carry or yourself," she added.

The truth was that Mrs. Fortescue, like a good many other well-meaning persons, wished to do something towards bringing about the engagement which had been hanging fire for so long.

Carry Herbert was a proud woman by nature, and it was not without a sense of humiliation that she seated herself in the centre-board cutter which had been brought alongside, while Bertie took the tiller. Not for the first time, she asked herself whether any subsequent happiness could quite repay her for this persistent hunting down of an unwilling victim. Had she not felt sure that the victim must eventually fall a prey to some well-dowered lady, she would have been almost inclined to abandon the pursuit; but that gave her a sort of justification. "He will never care much for anybody," she sometimes thought (for she was not in the least blind to his defects); "and I believe he is fond of me, after a fashion." But just now a fit of compunction and discouragement was upon her, so that she leaned over the gunwale, resting her chin upon her hand and half turning her back towards her companion, who, for his part, could find nothing particular to say.

A very light breeze blew from the land and tempered the heat of the sun. The boat glided gently seaward before it, leaving a long track upon the smooth water, and for some time neither of its occupants uttered a word. They were sufficiently intimate to remain silent, if it so pleased them; sufficiently intimate also to understand one another without explicit speech; and so when Carry at length turned round and said, "Well?" there was no need for her to add anything to that curt interrogation.

"It isn't well at all," answered Bertie: "it's about as far from well as it can be."

"What is wrong now?"

"Oh, the old thing,—bills."

"Which kind of bills?"

"Both kinds. The finish isn't far off now. I give myself six months more,—unless Dutch Oven wins the Leger, in which case it is just wildly possible that I might hold out for another year."

"And then?"

"And then I shall go off to New Zealand, if the governor will consent to pay my passage. Or perhaps I'll drive a hansom cab: I don't know. Will you give me an occasional half-crown fare during the season?"

Carry made no reply. She had shifted her position, and was gazing at the beautiful Bay of Dublin astern, and the shipping in the harbor, and the great mail-steamer from Holyhead, which had just come in. Her profile was turned towards Bertie,—a very handsome, high-bred

profile. Just now it wore a somewhat softer and sadder expression than usual, and, as he looked at it, he felt a little sorry and a little ashamed. Poor Carry! he certainly had not treated her well. There had been a time when the idea of marrying her had been by no means repugnant to him; and even now—but then the vision of another face seemed to rise between him and her, and he said to himself, No, by Jove! he couldn't do it. How extraordinary it was that she should never have suspected the truth! It was partly curiosity, partly perversity, that moved him to say, "Tell me about Mrs. Herbert. Is she really unhappy at being parted from that long-legged, unromantic brother of yours?"

"Oh, yes," answered Carry, absently. "Why not?"

"Only because she never seemed to me to be much interested in him. When I was at Farndon they were always apart all day long."

"I suppose that was because she saw that he didn't want her. Most women can conceal their feelings, and all women ought to be able to do so."

The last words were spoken with an accent of bitterness which Bertie understood. He relapsed into silence once more, not being yet prepared to say what he knew that he was almost bound to say. Would it be possible for him, he wondered, to escape from that boat without having finally committed himself? If he had cared to fathom his feelings, he would perhaps have discovered that what he really wanted was to be so placed as that this should not be possible. He would be glad afterwards to be able to make excuses for himself,—to say, "Well, I couldn't help it: no fellow could have got out of such a situation without proposing."

Thus he waited upon events, drifting, as the boat drifted when the breeze died away and the sail flapped against the mast. Carry seemed to be not less devoid of definite purpose than he. She made a remark from time to time, to which he responded, but for the most part they held their peace. It has already been said that they knew one another well enough to exchange thoughts with a minimum of speech. The two hands whom they had brought with them from the yacht were half asleep in the bows, and were no restraint upon such conversation as passed between them. Nor indeed did the presence of these drowsy sailors prevent Carry from saying something at last which she certainly would not have liked them or any one else to overhear. They had now been a long time in the boat, and were beating back towards the harbor against a westerly wind which had freshened somewhat. Without any introductory observations, Carry reverted to the subject upon which she had been meditating the whole afternoon.



"You can't go on like this," she said. "You can't always spot the winners of races——"

"One in twenty is about my average," interjected Bertie.

"And there is not the remotest chance that Dutch Oven will win the Leger. Besides, if she did, that would mean no more than staving off ruin for another twelvemonth. The only plan is to free yourself from debt and make a fresh start. I want you to let me provide you with the means of doing this. Don't interrupt, please; I am quite aware that one isn't allowed to do that sort of thing for one's friends, but mine is a rather exceptional case. The simple truth is that I have a great deal more money than I can possibly spend, and you couldn't do me a greater kindness than by letting me help you. I could give you five thousand pounds, or even double that, to-morrow, and nobody would be any the wiser. That's the point of it, you see: nobody would ever know."

She spoke in a low, eager voice, and the young man was really touched by her disinterestedness, which he could not question. Still, there was only one answer to be made.

"You are very kind and very generous," he said, "and I am as grateful to you as if it were possible for me to accept your offer. But you must see that it is utterly impossible. No man can take money from a woman, unless——except——"

"The matter is one between ourselves," she interrupted, quickly. "I see no necessity for conditions. Did you think that I wanted to impose any upon you?"

"I am sure you didn't," answered Bertie. And then, after a pause, "But the conditions exist, all the same."

If he had really wished to find himself in a position from which retreat without an offer of marriage would be impracticable, he should have been satisfied now; and if poor Carry had ever doubted that he would like her money well enough, but was not equally ambitious to become possessed of her person, his present hesitation must have removed all doubt from her mind. She was mortified; but her magnanimity did not desert her.

"We won't say any more about it now," she resumed, presently. "Think it over, and let me know to-morrow or next day what you decide. I only ask you to believe that it will be a true act of friendship on your part to let me be of use to you, and that, if you do, I shall never dream of thinking that I have laid you under an obligation of any sort or kind."

Bertie murmured some confused words of thanks. He was thoroughly ashamed of himself for taking advantage of this delay, but he

did take advantage of it, notwithstanding. Everybody knows the consequences of craning at a fence or pausing upon the point of taking a header. If the thing is not done at once, it will most probably never be done at all, and Bertie had shivered upon the brink so long that he was ready to catch at any excuse for shivering a little longer. He would, of course, have to make his proposal in due form on the morrow, and his only reason for not making it immediately was that to-morrow was to-morrow. A poor reason enough, but it served its purpose.

Bertie did not linger on board the yacht after he had restored Miss Herbert safe and sound to Mrs. Fortescue's care and had been discreetly rallied by that lady upon the length of time that he had been absent. He ascertained that the "Flying Scud" would not sail for a couple of days, and, having promised to call again, took his leave.

"So it's all settled," he mused, when he had been put on shore and was waiting at the station for a train to take him to Westland Row. "At least it will be before I am twenty-four hours older; and I only wish the twenty-four hours were past! I ought to have done it this afternoon, but I couldn't, somehow. It was awfully good of her to offer me that money, and she meant what she said, too. Upon my word, she's a long way too good for me; and if I could only forget Hope—but the worst of it is that I shall never do that, and I shall never dare to look her in the face again, either. Suppose anything should happen to Herbert out in America—no, dash it all! I won't think about such things; I'll think about Carry. I wonder whether I shall have to tell her that I love her, and I wonder whether she will believe me, if I do. Poor Carry! Poor me, too, if you come to that! Well, it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and I suppose the governor will dance a fandango when he hears the news. So will old Levison; and so will the butcher and the baker and the candlestick-maker. What a consolation it will be to make so many deserving people happy!"

His soliloquy was interrupted by a tap on the shoulder, and, wheeling round, he became aware of a young brother officer whose ordinarily impassive countenance had an expression of modified joy and excitement. "Well," said Bertie, rather crossly, "what's up with *you*? You look as if you had discovered something to be cheerful about in this beastly hole."

"I'm going to leave this beastly hole," answered the other. "Haven't you heard? We're ordered off to Egypt to join Wolseley's expedition."

Bertie drew a long breath. "There's a fate about this," he muttered. "Providence doesn't mean the event to come off, that's certain."

First I break my leg ; then what the governor calls an 'entanglement' arises ; and now I am sent away to chastise Arabi the Blest—may his shadow never be less ! One more chance for me,—lots more chances ! who can tell what may not happen before I come back ? Who knows whether I shall come back at all ?”

“I can't hear a word you say,” interrupted his companion.

“I wasn't talking to you, my dear fellow,” answered Bertie ; “but you're a good sort of chap in your way, and you've brought me good news. I won't fail to drink your health the moment I get within reach of decent liquor.”

And so, on the following day, Carry waited for Captain Cunningham in vain ; but the evening post brought her the subjoined brief note :

“MY DEAR MISS HERBERT,—I dare say you won't have been surprised at my not turning up this afternoon ; I have such a heap of things to do. You will have heard that we are to sail for Egypt immediately. It will be awfully hot, I expect ; but one mustn't grumble at trifles. I hope you will have a pleasant cruise. You must write and tell me all about it, and I'll send you a graphic account of our first engagement in return. Very sorry I couldn't see you to say good-by ; but we shall meet again before next year, most likely, unless I get knocked over.

“Yours very sincerely,

“B. C.

“I can't tell you how grateful I feel to you for what you said yesterday. I did think it over, as you told me ; but of course I couldn't say yes to such an offer. Nobody could. Thank you a thousand times for making it, though.”

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## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### A QUIET TIME.

THE old hypothesis that of every pair of lovers there is one who loves and one who submits to be loved has often suggested an inquiry as to which of the two lots is the more desirable ; but this would not for a moment have presented itself in the light of a problem to Hope, who soon got the better of the access of despair which had come upon her in the first hour of her abandonment. She had no doubt at all that it was a happier fate to love an indifferent husband than to be an indif-

ferent wife; perhaps, too,—since her nature was so sanguine,—she may sometimes have indulged in dreams of a good time coming, when Dick should be indifferent no longer. In any case, it was a joy to her to be able to think of him in the way that she had always unconsciously wished to think and had as unconsciously resisted; it was a joy to her to make a hero of him, to absolve him from all blame, to forgive him freely for having forsaken her and spoken of their marriage as a mistake. She had, it is true, a momentary difficulty when she remembered his suspicions of her with regard to Bertie Cunningham and his implied disbelief of her word upon the subject; but she swallowed that down with the rest. She could not grudge anything to those whom she loved, and if Dick had done her a far more grievous wrong she would have found pleasure in pardoning him. Therefore she was far from being altogether miserable, in spite of the long face which Carry had accused her of wearing: only her spirits were depressed, and she allowed her mind to dwell more than was good for her upon the perils of the ocean and upon wild Indians and bears and frost-bites and rattlesnakes.

When Carry, somewhat unexpectedly, took her departure, Hope, glad to be left to her own devices, inaugurated the humdrum course of life which she purposed to lead until her husband's return. Solitude was much more agreeable to her than society, and she neither desired nor intended to invite any one to stay with her. One guest, however, thought fit to invite himself. This was Mr. Lefroy, who wrote to ask whether his niece would take him in for a night on his way from home to some place in the Eastern counties where he had to attend a Conservative gathering. Hope could only answer that he would be most welcome, and was thankful that he was not going to bring his better half with him. Lady Jane had been greatly startled by the intelligence of Dick's flight for America. Hope had purposely abstained from letting her know of it until it was already an accomplished fact, and her ladyship's reply, though guardedly expressed, had borne the impress of consternation in every line. She evidently thought that there had been a quarrel, and it was quite clear that she had now despatched Mr. Lefroy to inquire into and report upon the causes of the same. This was tiresome; but it was nothing more than Hope had anticipated, and she was prepared with answers to any questions that might be put to her.

Mr. Lefroy, when a young man, had thought of entering the Diplomatic service, and it is almost a pity that his ample means and love of rural pursuits caused him to give up the idea; for he possessed many of the qualities which go to make a successful diplomatist of the Britannic variety. He had plenty of common sense, he knew how to

stick to a point and to make his interlocutor do the same, he was not easily humbugged, and his good-humored heartiness was calculated to disarm suspicion. Personally, he was a good deal more alarmed about his niece's domestic affairs than Lady Jane was, and considered that matters had taken a very serious turn indeed. His impression of Hope was what he had proclaimed it to be on her wedding-day: he thought that she required extremely careful driving, and he had never felt sure that Dick Herbert was the man to keep her head straight. He believed her capable of great acts of folly,—so much so, indeed, that to hear of her elopement with Bertie Cunningham would not have surprised him.

Therefore it was with an anxious heart, though with a smiling and open countenance, that he accosted her on his arrival at Farndon and took note of a certain change in her appearance which was not satisfactory to him. "Pale cheeks, features a little drawn and sharp,—that's worry," he thought to himself. "But what the deuce does that queer sort of subdued glow in her eyes mean? I'm afraid I know only too well what it means. I've seen it in other people's eyes before now."

It was really very creditable to him that he should have detected this phenomenon, which would have escaped the notice of nine observers out of ten; and that it could be due to Hope's tardy discovery that she was in love with her husband was what no diplomatist, however acute, could be expected to surmise.

Mr. Lefroy was very diplomatic. He neither rushed into his subject nor ostentatiously avoided it, but remarked, "So that rascal Dick is off after the big game again, eh? You can't keep him from it, any more than you can keep a terrier from poaching. Ah, well! I wish I was young enough to take a turn at the wapiti myself." After which he glided airily away to other topics of conversation. He fully intended to speak plainly, for he deemed that this was a case in which plain speaking would be of service; but he proposed to put off what he had to say until the last thing at night, knowing that emphatic words are apt to lose much of their force unless they are followed up by an exit. But when he was sitting with Hope in the drawing-room after dinner, and when the evening paper, which had just arrived, was handed to him, his eye lighted upon a paragraph which not only caused him to modify his programme but drew from him a fervent ejaculation of "The Lord be praised!"

Hope looked up from her work interrogatively. "Why?" she asked.

Mr. Lefroy did not reply, "Because the sixth battalion of the Scots Guards are under orders for Egypt," but said, somewhat hastily, "I



am rejoicing over the discomfiture of this pious ministry, which is about to lay itself open to further charges of bloodguiltiness. They will be driven into annexation, you'll see; and that is satisfactory, because Egypt must belong to England eventually; but they will also have to spend a good many millions of the public money, and then up will go the income-tax, and out will go the government; which will be more satisfactory still. We may hope to get rid of them now before they bring in their abominable County Franchise Bill."

"But isn't the County Franchise Bill one of the things which are bound to come eventually?" asked Hope.

"Very likely; and we are all bound to die eventually; but I take it that none of us want to hasten that event. I should like to destroy radicalism altogether, but that is impossible: so I am thankful for any opportunity that occurs of scotching it. Believe me, the golden rule in politics and in life is to make the best of things."

"You say that as if you intended the rule to apply specially to me," observed Hope.

"I have not the slightest objection to admitting that such was my intention. I think you are discontented with your lot, and I think you might be worse off,—a great deal worse off."

Hope was not sure that she quite understood his drift; but she knew that he would not have come to Farndon to protest against mere discontent on her part, so she led him on by saying, "I should have thought that it was only right and proper for a wife to be discontented when her husband leaves her for a year."

"Oh, well, I agree with you there: I don't think Herbert ought to have done it. But candidly, now, Hope, are you any more contented when he is at home?"

Hope laid down her work and looked her uncle in the face calmly. "What is it that you are afraid of my doing?" she asked.

Mr. Lefroy hesitated, and then laughed a little. "Perhaps I had better tell you," he said. "I am not afraid of your doing anything wrong" (this was not quite strictly true, but diplomatists must be courteous and are absolved by common consent from absolute veracity), "only I am sometimes afraid—and so is your aunt—that you may be inclined to look in the wrong direction for consolation. I quite allow that it is hard lines upon a woman that because she is young and good-looking she should be debarred from friendships with men who—who—in short, who resemble her in those particulars; but we live in a censorious world, and, as I say, we must make the best of it. Now, young Cunningham——"

"Captain Cunningham is not a friend of mine," interrupted Hope.

"Eh?"

"He is not a friend of mine. I liked him at first; but I have not found him improve upon acquaintance, and you may tell Aunt Jane that he certainly will not be invited to stay here during Dick's absence. I suppose that was what you were afraid of, was it not?"

Perhaps it had been; but, as Bertie would probably be employed for some time to come in supporting the dignity and independence of the Khedive, that cause for alarm no longer existed. Therefore Mr. Lefroy replied, "Not exactly. Your aunt, I think, would rather wish to caution you against forming intimacies with any young men just at present."

"Then tell her that she shall be obeyed. And you may add, if you like, that I am not nearly so discontented with my lot as you and she imagine. Now are you satisfied?"

Mr. Lefroy stroked his chin meditatively. What he was thinking was, "If it isn't Cunningham, who the deuce is it? It must be somebody." But, as he could not say this, he resumed, presently, "I really am quite ashamed of being so inquisitorial, but would you mind telling me one thing? What did Herbert go away for?"

"To shoot wapiti, apparently."

"Oh, yes, apparently, only nobody is likely to believe it. Now, Hope, don't you know that he would come back at once if you wrote and asked him?"

"I most certainly do not know anything of the kind, or I would write."

"You might try the experiment, anyhow."

"No," answered Hope, with a slight smile, "I won't do that; but I will promise to form no new friendships while he is away, if that will do as well. The moment that you think I am becoming too intimate with anybody you will only have to tell me so, and that person shall be dropped. Can I say more?"

Mr. Lefroy was fain to admit that she could not. He professed himself satisfied, and left the next morning, after taking an affectionate farewell of his niece and extorting from her a somewhat reluctant promise to pay a long visit to Helston in a few weeks' time. Nevertheless, he was not satisfied, and as he drove down to the station he muttered to himself, "All very fine; but what about that queer light in her eyes? If she isn't in love with somebody I'll eat my hat, that's all!"

Fortunately, Hope was unconscious of there being anything remarkable in the appearance of her eyes at this time; for had she guessed the alarming nature of their eloquence she would doubtless have bought

herself a pair of blue spectacles at once. It was, indeed, rather bad luck for her that they should already have betrayed her secret to two persons and that each of these persons should have misinterpreted it. Mr. Lefroy, as we have seen, was puzzled, being at a loss to conjecture who was responsible for the change that had come over his niece; but no such uncertainty existed in the mind of Jacob Stiles. Jacob, it is needless to say, had reflected over that little scene in the garden, when Hope had torn up Captain Cunningham's letter, and had drawn his own conclusions, which were at least plausible. It was evident, Jacob thought, that Cunningham had gone too far,—had either avowed his love or had hinted at it, and had thereby offended Hope,—but it was just as evident that she had subsequently read his letter. Perhaps she had even answered it. The danger of being so clever at induction and deduction as Jacob was is the self-confidence apt to be engendered by that facility and the proneness which is often noticeable in its possessors to the building up of elaborate theories upon what, after all, is only an assumption. The writings of certain wise men and philosophers seem to be a little marred by this defect, which, in their case, is known as the scientific habit of mind. Jacob, having formed his theory, had no difficulty in making Hope's behavior fit in with and support it. Her grief at parting with her husband was easily explained; for of course she wished to do her duty to him, and he was her natural protector, and she dreaded the temptations which could not but derive additional strength from his absence. Nor was there much doubt as to what the sort of quiet, happy melancholy which had since taken possession of her meant. To love and to know herself loved in return must give her happiness of a certain kind, and to be delivered from the presence of a man whom she did not love must also afford her a certain kind of relief.

These conclusions were not the less readily accepted by Jacob because they were distasteful to him personally. He did not consider Cunningham in any way worthy of Hope; he had no affection for that gay youth, and he certainly had once had a strong affection for Dick. The latter feeling was, however, dead and gone,—killed (so he told himself) by the utter selfishness of the man. For a long time he had been doubtful whether he loved or hated his benefactor; but he thought that he knew now. Surely he had a right to hate him! Was not hatred the natural result of the careless contempt with which Dick had treated him ever since that unhappy episode of the forged check?—a contempt which all these years of steady good conduct had not availed to lessen one whit. And, again, does not a selfish man deserve to be hated? Jacob had succeeded in persuading himself that selfishness was

the key-note to Dick's character. The good nature, the open-handedness that cost him so little,—what were they but the selfishness which likes to be surrounded by smiling faces? That habit of saying exactly what he thought to and of his neighbors, which had earned him a name for honesty,—what was it but the selfishness which cannot be troubled to consider the feelings of others? And his behavior to his wife!—his open neglect of her; his desertion of her for the sake of gratifying a mere whim; his utter indifference as to what the world would say of such a proceeding! When Jacob thought of these things his face grew dark and he clinched his fists. He had a way of muttering to himself, when alone, and occasionally it happened to him to mutter things which, if they had been heard and repeated, might have justified a magistrate in binding him over to keep the peace.

But, notwithstanding all this mental disturbance, Jacob spent many happy hours at this time,—so many that, looking back upon it afterwards, he felt sure that he had never been as happy before and had little chance of ever being as happy again. Every day Hope came up to his studio to watch him at work and receive the instructions which he was only too delighted to bestow upon her; and, although the summer was not a particularly fine one (for there had been a fine summer only four years back, and consequently another could not be expected for a long time to come), there were few afternoons so rainy as to prevent this couple from sallying forth together on foot or on horseback to study Nature under all her infinitely varied aspects.

"Jacob," Hope would say (she had at last given up calling him Mr. Stiles), "I shall want you to take me up to Ascot Heath this afternoon: so, if you have work to do, you must neglect it." And he prepared with joy to neglect his work accordingly.

She treated him as a friend, but nevertheless issued her behests to him very much after the fashion of a gracious sovereign, having, indeed, discovered that he liked nothing so much as being ordered about by her. It was almost exclusively of art that they spoke during their walks and rides. Once or twice Hope had tried to make her companion talk about Dick; but the effect had always been to reduce him to a state of such obstinate taciturnity that she gave it up. Besides, his chief value as a conversationalist lay in his thorough knowledge of his craft and his readiness to impart what he knew. He had the true artist's eye for detail: no effect of light and shade, no peculiarity of outline, escaped him. He showed her a thousand things which she would never have seen but for him; also he taught her a smattering of anatomy, making her watch the movements of his horse, as he rode beside her, and pointing out to her the power and grace of that most

beautiful of animals. What surprised her was that, with all his appreciation of form and color and all his mastery of the technicalities of his art, he had so little enthusiasm for it and so little ambition for himself. "What should I do with ambition?" he said, one day, in answer to a reproach of hers on this score. "It would be a very awkward encumbrance to me, and I am much better without it. A barn-door fowl would look extremely silly if he tried to fly like an eagle; and if a dog who is chained to his kennel all day doesn't want to run loose, he is so far a lucky dog."

"But I don't see the parallel," objected Hope.

However, he did not explain it. "I am glad that I can paint," he resumed, presently. "I have gained by painting all that I ever expected or wished to gain,—a sort of independence, I mean. Of course it is only a sort of independence; but it is better than none. As for fame, I don't know of any possible good that that could do me."

"Yet it is something, surely, to be distinguished above the common herd."

"To other men it might be; to me there is no satisfaction in being distinguished,—if I am distinguished. For years my one ambition was to be able to pay a certain debt. I suppose I may say that I have done that now, as far as the thing can be done; only, unluckily, it can't be done in full." His face grew sombre, and then lightened a little as he looked up at Hope. "I wish I could pay my debt to you, Mrs. Herbert!" he exclaimed.

"But you don't owe me anything," said Hope.

"Ah, don't say that! No one has ever been one-hundredth part as good and kind to me as you have been, and there is nothing that I wish for so much as to be able to make some return to you, however small."

"It is by no means a small thing that you are giving up so much of your valuable time to teaching a slow pupil," said Hope.

But Jacob smiled and shook his head. That was not the sort of return that he wanted to make. He would have liked to sacrifice himself in some way for her,—to lay the life which he set so little store by at her feet. It was true that he had made one small sacrifice for her sake by remaining at Farndon that summer, for he had intended to go abroad and visit the great picture-galleries, which were known to him only by hearsay; but, upon reflection, he perceived that this plan had been abandoned rather for his own satisfaction than for hers.

"It seems to me, Jacob," said Hope, after a time, "that you ought to be very happy, and that you are not happy at all. Why is that?"

"Did you not ask me the same question once before? And I told



you that I would answer you some day. Perhaps, if you care to listen to a vulgar, unpleasant story, I will answer you—some day. But, speaking generally, I don't think it is possible to be happy when one is dependent. The one great secret of happiness is to owe no man anything."

Hope mused awhile over this authoritative dictum. Happiness and the means of attaining it are not so easily defined; and it did not appear to her that she had as yet got to the root of the matter, though she had had the advantage of hearing the opinions of various persons upon it. "Have an occupation to fall back upon," said Tristram. "Understand your position clearly," said Dick. "Get hold of money, somehow or other," said Bertie Cunningham. "Make the best of things, and avoid friction," said Mr. Lefroy. And Jacob, it seemed, desired only the negative blessing of having nothing to be grateful for. They all had their theories: so that there was no reason why she should not set up hers, which was that the only thing worth living for is love. And, although this may have a somewhat lackadaisical sound, it is not so absolutely certain that she was mistaken.

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## CHAPTER XXXV.

### A TREATY OF PEACE.

DICK HERBERT was a very well known man, and as for the Lefroys, their acquaintances were as the sands of the sea-shore in number. It was scarcely to be supposed, therefore, that Hope's temporary abandonment within so short a time of her marriage should escape remark or fail to be accounted for in various fashions more or less startling. As a matter of fact, she and her husband and the alleged quarrel that had taken place between them were a good deal discussed that autumn by all who knew them, as well as by many who did not, and the split in the Herbert household formed a welcome alternative subject of conversation to the Egyptian rebellion. As nobody really understood the causes of either event, much nonsense was talked about both, and it is to be feared that our heroine's character met with little more justice or mercy than that of poor Achmet Arabi. Many false things and many silly things were said about her, and Lady Jane was sorely afflicted thereby; but to Hope herself these did not give a moment of uneasiness, for the capital reason that she never heard of them. The neighbors who called upon her from time to time did not know her well enough to report gossip to her or to cross-examine her, though they

were always very careful to ask what was the latest news of Mr. Herbert, and what was his real destination, and when he might be expected home again.

Hope could not have done much towards gratifying their curiosity, even had she been so minded. In due course of time a telegram reached her, announcing Dick's safe arrival at New York; ten days later she received a letter, written apparently in excellent spirits, and filled with an account of the incidents of the voyage; shortly after which came a second letter, in which Dick informed her that he was upon the point of starting for the West, that the yacht would return to England immediately, and that he had intrusted to the skipper a small parcel which he hoped would reach her safely. "Only a sample of New York jewelry; some of their work here isn't bad. I saw this thing in a shop-window, and I remembered your saying once that you liked cats'-eyes: so I thought I would buy it for you." The missive was more like that of a brother to his sister than of a husband to his wife; but it satisfied Hope, who read it through a great many times, and who was glad that Dick had remembered her fancy for one stone more than another.

Jacob lingered on; and, what with painting, walking, and riding, the days slipped away quickly enough. From the household cares which afford occupation to most women Hope was relieved by the housekeeper, an imposing person with whom she neither dared nor desired to interfere; but in a large establishment there are always plenty of interests, and Hope had endeared herself to the people about the place. Gardeners, lodge-keepers, and so forth welcomed her approach, as did also their numerous progeny, for whom she was in the habit of purchasing a supply of toys and sugar-plums every time that she drove in to Windsor. She liked to potter about with these somewhat dull-witted folks, to listen to the exhaustive descriptions that they were wont to give her of their ailments, and to make the older ones among them repeat over and over again certain anecdotes about "Master Dick" and the owdacious deeds of his boyhood.

When Roberts, the captain of the yacht, wrote to report his arrival at Portsmouth and his intention of forwarding the parcel committed to his care by post, she sent him a long telegram, begging him to run no such risk, but to come to Farndon himself and deliver the packet into her own hands. The good-humored-looking, rosy-cheeked skipper, who may have had a sailor's eye for female loveliness, stared hard at his new mistress, and expressed a hope that they would have her on board when they made their next cruise. Sea-sickness, he assured her, was nothing when you were used to it; both Mr. Herbert and the other gentleman had been a bit queer the first day out, and had been all

the better for it. Then Hope showed him the cat's-eye pendant, with its glittering circle of diamonds, and he observed that it must have cost a power of money. "The governor was terrible particular about it, to be sure!" he added. "Says he, 'If the yacht goes to the bottom and you have to take to your boats, you must save that, whatever you leave behind you. I won't have Mrs. Herbert disappointed,' he says."

It seems possible that Roberts may have been drawing a little upon his imagination here; but it was worth while telling a white lie to see Hope's face break out into smiles and dimples. He and she became great friends; only he was unable to give her the information which she had secretly hoped for. Mr. Herbert, it appeared, had said nothing about the date of his return; but the yacht was to be laid up, and Roberts had heard the other gentleman express a decided preference for mail-steamers as a means of transit across the ocean. "And there's no denying but they'll get home all the sooner that way, do you see, ma'am. Which is what the governor 'll wish, I make no doubt."

This was the sort of tone which all Hope's dependants thought fit to adopt. Whatever their private opinion may have been, they always spoke as if it must be a matter of course that their master was eager to return to his home and his wife, and when she assured them that she did not expect to see him again for nearly a year they were ready with the incredulous shake of the head which her remark invited.

"Things isn't as they was in the old days, when he'd be away for eighteen months or more at a time," these optimists would say. "It was kind of lonesome for him then, with only Miss Carry to keep him company, and she staying with her friends as often as not; but 'tis a very different matter now."

Perhaps it was rather absurd to be pleased and consoled by such speeches as these; but Hope managed to persuade herself that there was a grain of truth in them, and she missed them greatly when at length she had to pay her promised visit to Helston and encounter the jeremiads of Lady Jane, who took a desponding view of the situation which she was at no pains to conceal from her niece.

"It does seem to me that you have mismanaged matters, Hope," she said, fretfully. "You ought never to have let Dick resume these wandering ways. Now that he has broken loose once he is sure to do it again; and it is such a mistake for husbands and wives to begin that kind of thing!"

"Dick is not the only married man who goes on shooting-expeditions to America," observed Hope.

"Oh, my dear, of course there are people who can do these things and others who can't. I don't wish to go back upon the past; but I

should have thought you would have seen for yourself that this was a particularly inopportune time for you and Dick to part. However, there is not much good in talking about it, now that the thing is done and can't be undone."

This was indisputable; but Lady Jane continued to talk about it, notwithstanding; and Lady Jane's guests showed less tact in their allusions to Hope's bereavement than her humbler friends at Farndon had done. The men were inclined to treat it as a joke, and to chaff her after a mild, tentative fashion, and one very rude old gentleman went so far as to say, "So your husband is off to the wilds again, I hear, Mrs. Herbert. What is the attraction? Does he keep a detachment of squaws out there, do you think? I shouldn't mind the squaws, if I were you, since they are such a long way off; but I should draw the line at papposes. Don't let him bring any untutored papposes back with him."

But of course it was at the hands of the women that she suffered the most. Some of them expressed great surprise at the length of tether which she allowed to her husband, declaring that *they* would never have been so accommodating; others treated her to a liberal measure of ironical pity; most of them had an air of looking askance at her and wondering whether it was all right. She perceived that in some undefined manner she had lost caste. People who had been very civil and respectful to her during the season were disposed to be familiar, not to say impertinent, now; and there is often great difficulty in snubbing impertinent people without descending to their level. Hope could not help thinking sometimes that Dick might have foreseen this as one of the inevitable consequences of her unprotected condition; also her spirits were a little damped by the certainty which everybody appeared to feel that her husband would never care to settle down to a domestic life. After all, these people probably knew him better than his retainers at Farndon could. Thus it came to pass that her pillow was not unfrequently wet with tears. She had postponed her visit to her relations until the year was far advanced; and now, with mistaken kindness, they insisted upon her remaining with them over Christmas. And a very cheerless Christmas she spent in the old home, where everything was so changed. Dick's letters had lately become very irregular; in his last he had warned her that it might be a long time before he would have an opportunity of letting her hear from him again; some amiable persons were so good as to entertain her with accounts of snow-storms in the Far West, and of hunting-parties which had perished miserably in those wind-swept solitudes. Altogether, it was a dismal time, and it seemed to her as if it would never come to an end. But it came to an

end at last, as all earthly things do, both for the patient and the impatient; and early in January Hope was permitted to return to Farndon, where she found Carry, who had arrived from the north a few days before.

Carry had been paying a visit of inspection to her Yorkshire domain, and had a bad attack of the blues there, she said. Mrs. Pierpoint had been staying with her, but had now gone on to Leicestershire, and when others had been invited to take her place they had all with one consent begun to make excuse. "So I thought I would come here and cheer you up," Carry concluded, leaving it to be inferred that this charitable course had only been resorted to as a *pis-aller*.

Hope thanked her, and endeavored to look grateful. But it was not very long before she discovered that the boon of her sister-in-law's society had not been conferred upon her wholly and solely from the motive assigned.

"Did you hear about poor Captain Cunningham?" Carry asked, in the course of the evening.

"I heard that he had been ordered to Egypt," answered Hope. "I didn't hear of his having earned any honorable scars there."

"He never had the chance. The Guards were shamefully treated; and he says he can't imagine why they were sent there, when any ordinary line-regiment might have done the work that was given to them. All he gained by the campaign was an attack of fever: so that he has been obliged to go home to be nursed. I suppose," added Carry, after waiting in vain for any expression of sympathy from Hope, "you wouldn't object to my asking him to come down here for a few days, would you? He does so hate being at home with that disagreeable old father of his, and I think a little change might do him good."

"I should object most decidedly," answered Hope, quickly. She was taken by surprise, or she would hardly have made so ungracious and peremptory a reply.

"What do you mean?" asked Carry, her eyes growing large and angry and her voice hard. "Is it to Captain Cunningham individually that you object, or to my inviting any friend of mine to come and see me?"

Hope saw what a stupid blunder she had made, and tried to retrieve it. "Of course any friend of yours would be welcome here," she said; "but I would rather you didn't ask Captain Cunningham just now. It is best not to have—bachelors staying in the house while we are alone. Dick told me before he went away that he did not wish it."

"Told you that he didn't wish you to have bachelors in the house?" echoed Carry, incredulously. "Do you seriously expect me to believe that Dick ever gave you such instructions as that?"



Now, Dick's instructions had certainly been less general ; but it was impossible to give them *verbatim*, so Hope contented herself with repeating, "I would rather you did not ask Captain Cunningham just now."

"Why not? I really should very much like to know why not! Do you imagine that Captain Cunningham's presence will compromise you? That does seem to be rather a needless alarm. I am sure that his admiration for you knows no bounds ; but, at the same time, I hardly think—if you will pardon my saying so—that he is enamoured of you. And if you come to talk of bachelors and the danger of associating with them, what do you make of your dear friend Jacob Stiles?"

"Jacob Stiles is different. Besides, he is not in the house," said Hope, rather feebly.

"No ; but he was in the house for a long time after I left you, and I hear that you and he were inseparable. There is no accounting for tastes, and I am sure I should be the last person in the world to interfere with yours ; but surely you might have hit upon some better excuse for preventing me from gratifying mine."

Hope inwardly admitted the justice of the criticism, and endeavored to profit by it. "Don't you see," she urged, "that I am not the only person who might be compromised by Captain Cunningham's visit?"

"Oh! So this tender solicitude is on my account, is it? I am deeply grateful ; but, do you know, I think I will take my chance of being compromised."

"Probably you don't quite mean that. You would not like him to think—or other people to say—that you were running after him."

But this appeal to Carry's pride was not a success. "How kind you are!" she exclaimed, "and how thoughtful! If you had not suggested it, I should never have suspected that any one could charge me with running after Captain Cunningham. How could I anticipate an accusation so utterly at variance with the facts? I have never asked him to Farndon before, have I? I didn't monopolize him for days when he was here; I didn't follow him to Dublin as soon as he was sent there; and I don't keep up a constant correspondence with him now. Of course not!—and nothing short of a disinterested warning could have put me on my guard. The only thing that surprises me is that you shouldn't have favored me with your warning a little sooner."

Hope hardly knew what answer to make to this sudden outburst of bitterness, which seemed to be prompted quite as much by self-contempt as by anger. She could not pretend to be unaware that Captain Cunningham had been openly and persistently run after for more than a year, and she feared that Carry must have some inkling of the truth. That this was not so Carry's next words plainly showed.

"The fact is," she resumed, dropping sarcasm and speaking with measured calmness, "that you have always disliked me, and that you are only too glad to have a pretext for causing me discomfort and inconvenience. I don't in the least wonder at your disliking me; all things considered, I should wonder much more if you didn't; but you may as well give up any idea that you can prevent me from doing what I choose. I admit that I can't ask Captain Cunningham here against your wish; only there is no reason why I shouldn't meet him elsewhere. All that I shall do will be to go up to London, where he is sure to be before long. You and he and the rest of the world will draw your own conclusions, no doubt; but probably all of you drew them some time ago."

There was a cynical frankness in this speech which touched Hope, though it shocked her a little. She could not herself have spoken or acted in that way; but she could understand how a passionate, self-willed woman might be goaded into doing so, and she had reasons of her own for sympathizing with the pangs of unrequited love.

"You are wrong in thinking that I wished to spite you, Carry," she said, gently: "I should be very glad to help you if I could. I am afraid I must stick to what I said about not having Captain Cunningham here,—it is a whim of mine, if you like,—but if my going up to London with you would make things any easier, I would do that. We might go to Bruton Street together, and then you would have opportunities of seeing him without—without letting him think that you came up for that purpose."

Carry smiled. "I imagine," said she, "that he has sufficient mother-wit to discover that much, whether I go to London alone or with a companion; but it would certainly be far pleasanter for me to go to Bruton Street than to a hotel, and I accept your offer gladly." She got up and took her sister-in-law's hand, looking full into her eyes as she did so. "Shall we make a treaty of peace?" she said. "We are too unlike one another to become friends; but I think you mean kindly towards me, and I am not ungrateful. You are a good woman, and Dick is a fool. But that can't be helped."

Hope allowed the latter assertion to pass. "I do mean kindly towards you," she replied, "and I would have been friends with you before now if you had allowed me. I will do the little that I can to bring about what you wish. But—is he worth it, Carry?"

"Most likely not," answered Carry; "but that can't be helped either."

Hope bent over the fire, holding up her hands to the blaze. It was no easy matter to say what she wanted to say; but after a while she

made the attempt. "In one sense," she remarked, "people are always worth what one thinks them worth; but, then, if one's idea of them changes when it is too late? If one finds out——"

"That one has been married for one's money?" interrupted Carry. "That discovery would not come upon me with the shock of a surprise. You look horrified; but that is because your feelings are not so strong as mine, or because they are more under control, or better regulated, or something. I can't say that your horror distresses me particularly."

She crossed the room, sat down to the piano, and played a few bars of a waltz; but presently she returned, and said, in an altered voice, "I am sorry I was rude to you; I won't do it again, if I can help it; but you must not waste any more breath in trying to make me ashamed of myself. Good heavens! do you suppose I don't know how despicable I am? If my case had been curable, it would have been cured long ago, when I first saw he didn't care for me. At one time I thought he did. There!" she added, with another change of tone, "that will do. I am not going to be sentimental. Come up to London with me, like a good soul as you are, and let us make an end of this. There shall be an end of it now, one way or the other: it has gone on too long,—too long!"

The last words were spoken with an accent of pain which went to Hope's heart. She was not, and indeed could hardly be, very fond of her sister-in-law, but she thought her worthy of a better fate than that of being sacrificed to pay Bertie Cunningham's debts, and she doubted whether even such a measure of happiness as Carry seemed to anticipate would be secured to her by the proposed journey to London. She did not give Bertie credit for much constancy; but he was not devoid of refinement, and surely it would be very difficult for him to make his long-deferred offer of marriage to Carry barely six months after his declaration of unalterable love for herself. Still, there appeared to be nothing for it but to move to Bruton Street; and to Bruton Street the household was accordingly transported in the course of a few days.

By a tacit mutual understanding, the two ladies said no more to each other about the cause of their change of quarters. To the visitors who called upon them as soon as their arrival in town became known they represented that they had found it dull in the country, and that they wanted to do some shopping and go to the theatre. It was a week before the visitor to whose coming one of them had been looking forward with eagerness and the other with a good deal of trepidation made his appearance; and Hope was thankful that the short winter afternoon was drawing to a close when he was announced, so that nobody's features were clearly discernible in that half-light.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## TRISTRAM POINTS A MORAL.

BERTIE advanced into the room rather slowly. Most likely he, as well as Hope, was glad of the semi-obscurity which only enabled him to see two shadowy female figures and rendered his own as shadowy to them. His nerves, however, were a good deal steadier than Hope's. He had at all times a tolerable command over his voice and countenance, and there was little fear of his betraying embarrassment in a situation which most men would have found cruelly embarrassing. He did not like it; but he had always known that it would have to be faced one day or another, and his great fear now was lest Hope, by refusing to take his hand, or by some such deplorable error in judgment, should make her displeasure manifest to those whom it did not concern.

But Hope was not quite so foolish as that, unwilling though she was to do anything which could lead the young man to suppose that his offence was condoned. She rose as he drew nearer, and the greeting which she had been looking forward to with apprehension ever since her arrival in London was over in an instant. Bertie did exactly what he ought to have done. He just touched Hope's fingers with his, saying, "How do you do, Mrs. Herbert?" and at once turned to Carry, by whom he was welcomed with considerably greater warmth.

"So here you are back again, safe and sound!" she cried. "I am heartily glad of it; and now I hope there will be no more Egyptian campaigns."

"So do I," returned Bertie, as he dropped into a chair. "At least, if there are any more, I trust we shan't be told off to take part in them as beasts of burden. If they didn't mean us to have a look-in at the fun, they might as well have spared us an unpleasant voyage and saved me from a pretty smart attack of typhoid."

"But you are nearly well again now, are you not?" asked Carry.

"Oh, yes, I'm by way of being convalescent. I can't say I feel up to much; but of course I shall be all right. I'm like a shabby old umbrella, you know,—no getting rid of me on any terms. If my life had been of the smallest value to myself or anybody else, no doubt I should have died."

"I suppose you say that because you want to be contradicted," observed Carry.

"Exactly so: please contradict me. The Jews have been kind enough to do that already. They seem to think I may be worth something to them,—which shows a fine, healthy faith on their part."

He went on talking in this way, addressing all his remarks to Carry, and only showing that he was not quite comfortable by a somewhat exaggerated loquacity. By and by, when the servants brought in the tea and the shaded lamps, Hope saw that he had grown pale and thin, also he seemed to have aged a little, the boyish roundness of his cheeks having disappeared. But he had not lost his good looks, nor, as far as could be judged, had his spirits suffered. Hope was obliged to speak to him once or twice while she was pouring out his tea, and was glad to find that she could do so with composure. He answered her politely, but briefly, not raising his eyes to hers, and Carry continued to ply him with questions about the war and about his illness. The presence of a third person was obviously neither required nor desired, and the third person was casting about her for some excuse to withdraw, when the door was thrown open and Mr. Tristram was announced.

The interruption was a welcome one to Hope in every way. She started up to meet her old master, who came striding towards her, pushing the chairs out of his way and upsetting one of them on his passage. "Why on earth do people block up their rooms with such a lot of useless furniture?" he exclaimed.

He made a rapid, ungainly bow to Miss Herbert, to whom Hope introduced him, and when Bertie, with bland affability, recalled himself to the recollection of the famous artist, frowned, and said, not over-courteously, "Oh!—Captain Cunningham, isn't it? I thought you were on foreign service."

Tristram had not had the advantage of living in so excellent a school for self-repression as the society to which Bertie was accustomed; nor, perhaps, would he have proved a very apt pupil if he had. When anything worried him or put him out, the fact was at once made patent to all who came within sight or hearing of him; and he was evidently put out now. He would not sit down when he was asked, but fidgeted about between the fireplace and the window, replying at random to Hope's observations, and every now and then throwing half-impatient, half-appealing glances at her, the purport of which she was quite at a loss to understand. At the end of ten minutes or so he grabbed his hat, remarking, with a sigh, "I must be off now. Perhaps I may have the luck to find you alone some other day."

This speech, which was made without any lowering of the voice, greatly amused Miss Herbert, who rather liked eccentric people. "What is to be done?" she asked, laughing. "Shall I lead Captain Cunningham into the back drawing-room and shut the door?"

"No," answered Hope, laughing too: "Mr. Tristram shall come down with me to my sanctum and look over my sketches. I want



him to tell me whether he can detect any faint signs of improvement."

Tristram grunted approval to this suggestion, bade a curt adieu to Miss Herbert and Captain Cunningham, and followed his hostess out of the room.

"How could you be so rude?" exclaimed Hope, as she preceded him down-stairs.

"Was I rude?" asked Tristram, innocently. "I only said I wanted to see you alone: there was no harm in that, surely! Those people can't have supposed that I came here to see them."

"Well," said Hope, showing him into the little room on the ground-floor which was affected to her special use, and closing the door behind her, "now that we are alone, what is the matter? You look as if you were longing to fight with somebody."

"Do I?" said Tristram; "that is not how I feel. I suppose the sight of Captain Cunningham must have exasperated me: men of his type always do exasperate me." He tossed his hat into a corner, threw back his long hair, and began to pace to and fro. "I thought I should like to have a talk with you," he said: "I had something to tell you. It may not interest you; it is only a story about myself, and a sufficiently melancholy one; but I shall be glad if you will listen to it. You know—or, on second thoughts, perhaps you don't know—the kind of fellow that I am. I am bound to relate my troubles to somebody; and all my old friends are dead and gone now."

"I am sure you know that I am interested in everything that concerns you," said Hope.

"Yes? Well, you are kind to say so. Did your father ever tell you anything about my history?"

"He told me that you had had a great misfortune once," answered Hope, hesitatingly. "I don't think he knew much about it."

"Oh, he knew. Everybody—at all events, everybody in the artistic world—knew about it at the time; but it happened many years ago, and I dare say there are only a few people now who still remember the beautiful Mrs. Tristram, as she used to be called. I was very proud of her. I used to take her to all the balls and parties that I could get invitations for; though it was as much as I could do to pay for the hire of a brougham in those days, and I wouldn't for the world have asked her to get into a dirty four-wheeled cab. Ours was a love-match,—an imprudent one, as I need hardly say. Her people were strongly opposed to it; but we took our own way in spite of them, and were very happy together for nearly three years. I ought rather to say that I was happy; for she was not, though I never suspected her of being any-

thing else. The catastrophe that came to pass in Paris was simply astounding to me: it was as if my dearest friend had suddenly turned upon me and stabbed me to the heart without any warning or provocation.

"I don't want to go into details: the less said about it the better. I was working very hard at that time, and I wanted to learn something from the French, who were our superiors then, as they are still. So we migrated across the Channel for a few months, and the Parisians received us very hospitably. Of course we got to know a great number of artists, young and old,—among others, a certain Achille de Thiancourt, a young sprig of nobility with a waxed moustache and a pink-and-white face, who came and went. I never noticed him particularly: certainly it did not occur to me to draw comparisons between him and myself. A year or two ago, while I was strolling through the *Salon*, somebody pointed out to me a little, shrivelled, bald-headed old man, with a bit of red ribbon in his button-hole,—'M. le Baron de Thiancourt, one of the most distinguished ornaments of our profession,'—and asked me whether I would care to be presented; but I said that was unnecessary. He walked with a limp, I noticed,—the effect of the bullet with which I smashed his knee-cap five-and-twenty years ago. I might have killed him if I had cared to take his life, for I was a fair shot with a pistol in my young days; but I was satisfied with disabling him. It was impossible to feel much anger against the poor little wretch: if it had not been he, it would have been another. She as good as told me so in the note which I found on my table one evening on my return from the country, and which informed me that she had left me and had placed herself under his protection. She was tired of being treated as a nonentity, she said."

Tristram paused for a few moments, knitting his brows and staring straight before him. "Well," he resumed, presently, "that's the story: it isn't a very edifying one. The sequel to it came only the other day, when a message reached me from a doctor whom I know, telling me that my wife was dying and was very anxious to see me. I found her in lodgings scarcely a stone's throw from my own house: she had been living there for several years, it appeared, but had seldom left the house, being in constant suffering from the lingering disease which killed her at last. Poor soul! she had had a hard life; and if sins can be atoned for by earthly pain (which orthodox folks say is not the case), hers must have been expiated long ago. I haven't the heart to repeat all that she said to me about herself. She lived for a time with De Thiancourt, and was miserable, of course, as all women must be in such a position. Then he began to treat her badly, and one day he struck her, and she

left him. She found herself thrown upon the world, young, beautiful, with no friends, no money, and no reputation : her fate was a foregone conclusion. She wanted me to say that I forgave her ; and I believe she died more easily after I had assured her that I could say that from my heart. But what has haunted me ever since is the reason that she gave for her desertion of me. It seemed so paltry, so trivial, so almost laughable. And yet the more I think of it the more I see that it was a reason like another. She did not reproach me with any unkindness ; but she said I had changed towards her, that I had ceased to pay her the small attentions to which she was accustomed, that I never noticed whether she was well or ill dressed, that I was always preoccupied and often did not hear her when she spoke to me. It was quite true. I had my art to think about ; I hadn't the time to be forever *aux petits soins* with my wife ; but I loved her no less than I had done from the first ; indeed, I may honestly say that I have never loved any other woman in my life. Very likely I was to blame : I don't say that I was not. Women, I suppose, attach a great deal more importance to trifles than we do, and I can understand what she meant by saying that she could have pardoned me more easily if I had been guilty of cruelty towards her. Yet what a mistake she made !—what a terrible mistake ! She saw it, and repented bitterly of it, as soon as it was made ; but mistakes of that kind are irreparable : there is no cure for them but death."

"What a dreadfully sad story !" murmured Hope, after he had remained silent for a time.

"Sad enough," agreed Tristram, "and common enough too, for that matter. There's nothing specially tragic or romantic about it, you see,—nothing to bring tears into anybody's eyes : it's only the commonplace, vulgar narrative of a woman who left her husband in a fit of pique, and of the ruin that she brought upon herself by her folly. But I don't know that it is any the less sad on that account. Why have I told it to you, do you think?"

Hope looked uneasily at him. "You said that it was a relief to you to speak of your troubles," she answered.

"Ah, my dear child, if I had wanted your sympathy only, wouldn't it have been simpler to say, 'My wife, who separated herself from me years ago, is just dead, and I am miserable, because I find that the misfortune which has made me a sour, solitary man ever since was partly my own fault after all, and that I might have kept her with me if I had been a little more considerate to her'? No ; I had another reason. All this has made me think a good deal about marriage and married people, and to some extent it has altered my opinion. I am afraid I

gave you bad advice once when you came to consult me. Do you remember consulting me?"

"Quite well," answered Hope, with an uncomfortable prescience of what he was going to say next; "but I don't think you advised me badly."

"I gave you advice in accordance with my own experience. I suppose that is what everybody does; and it shows what a useless thing advice is. Nevertheless, I am going to do much the same again. That is, I should like you to think over what my poor wife's experience has been. Let it be admitted that husbands are apt to be neglectful and selfish with regard to minor matters. I dare say most of them are, and I dare say they oughtn't to be. But is it wise to quarrel with them for that? Is it wise to assume that small attentions, however pleasant they may be at the time, are any test of real affection? De Thiancourt's attentions didn't last long; and there was no true love at the back of them, either."

"I am not sure that I quite understand you," said Hope, with a slightly-heightened color.

"I think you must understand. I won't ask whether you have quarrelled with your husband; but I know that he has gone off to America without fixing any time for his return, and I know that you are here in London, receiving visits from—from all sorts of people. As an old friend, I will take the liberty of saying to you that it is a dangerous state of affairs."

"I must confess," answered Hope, "that I should have considered that a very great liberty for any one but an old friend to take. And I cannot allow even you to compare me,—to suppose that——"

"That you resemble poor Stella? God forbid! Still, your cause for complaint is possibly something like hers. I am unhappy about you, and I had it on my mind to speak out, whether I offended you or not. Perhaps I was foolish and presumptuous in taking upon me to recommend you to marry Mr. Herbert; but what is done is done, and I can't but think that you may be very happy with him yet. Don't let a mere misunderstanding part you. He may be in the wrong, but you are not in the right. I know something of the man, and he is neither selfish nor a fool; though it sometimes suits him to behave as if he were both. He hasn't gone away now because he is weary of you or because he has a hankering after wild sport. I don't agree with Stiles as to that."

"Stiles? Has Jacob Stiles been talking to you about my affairs?" asked Hope, drawing herself up.

"Well, yes; since you ask me, he has. But you mustn't be angry

with the poor lad: Heaven knows he is respectful and admiring enough in his language about you! I have seen a good deal of him lately, and we have talked together. Maybe I put questions to him which he couldn't help answering. Well, I have said my say now, and said it without much delicacy. I am an ill-mannered sort of ruffian, as you know, and it is difficult to me to wrap up my meaning in the round-about phrases that ladies like; but at least I am a true friend. You believe that, don't you?"

Hope nodded. "But I should be glad if my friends could trust me a little," she said. "You are not the only one who has thought fit to caution me in this way. I can't pretend to think it pleasant or flattering; but I suppose it is unavoidable. I wish—" she paused for a moment, and then, with a break in her voice, exclaimed, "I wish Dick were back again!"

Tristram's face brightened. "I am rejoiced to hear you say that," he declared. "Will you forgive me for having been so outspoken with you?"

"Oh, I forgive you," Hope answered, though there was still some resentment in her heart, and she gave him her hand, which he took, saying that he had outstayed his time and should be late for an appointment.

It would have been easy for her to set his mind at rest by telling him that she loved her husband, and that Bertie Cunningham was probably upon the eve of becoming engaged to Miss Herbert; but she did not at the moment feel disposed towards making confidences, nor did she think that he quite deserved to receive any.

He bade her good-by, begging her to pay a visit to the old studio when she had nothing better to do, and so marched towards the door. But upon the threshold he paused and turned back. "I want you to tell me something about Stiles," he said. "That is a queer fellow,—a very queer fellow. He interests me because he is a great artist, and will be a greater one if he lives; but I am not certain that I like him. Has he any grudge against your husband, do you know?"

"He owes everything to Dick," answered Hope. "I don't know whether that constitutes a grudge."

"Hm!—it might, perhaps; though I fancy there must be something more. Do you know anything about the antecedents of Stiles? Do you know who his parents were?"

Hope shook her head. "I have never liked to ask. I think he is rather sensitive upon the subject."

"Yes,—a badly-bred one, no doubt," observed Tristram, musingly. "He often reminds me of a little cur-dog that I once had and hated;



though I suppose the poor little brute couldn't help its disposition. He has a furtive 'I would-if-I-dared' sort of look at times which is anything but prepossessing."

"Poor Jacob!" said Hope; "I am afraid I don't much like him either; but he has been very kind to me, and I am sure there is a great deal of good in him."

"And a pretty considerable spice of evil. Possibly an out-and-out scoundrel might be a safer customer to deal with. Still, in all probability, he never *will* dare."

"To do what?"

"To assassinate your enemies," answered Tristram, laughing. "He would, though, if you asked him. Now I must really be off. Good-by again; and don't forget to come and see an old man who has very few friends left in the world."

W. E. Norris.

(To be continued.)

### A GHOST'S QUESTION.

WHEN with your fair, new Love you laughing go  
 Through the loud streets we two have known so well,  
 Will not old memories your feet compel  
 To wait, sometimes, for one whose step is slow,  
 Whose presence only you may feel or know,—  
 The shadow of a shadow you dispel  
 With wave of hand, as the old tale you tell  
 To new ears listening as *I* used, you know?

Or when you press her hand against your breast,  
 Will you for one swift instant think it mine,  
 And thrill to the dead joy you once possess  
 And quaffed and savored, as men quaff their wine,  
 Then turn, and meet her smile, jest back her jest,  
 And swear afresh *she* doth all charms combine?

Louise Chandler Moulton.

## RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS.

TWO or three years ago, when Mr. James Payn began to publish his "Literary Recollections," a pleasant rumor flew hither and thither about London, to the effect that Mrs. Procter, the widow of Barry Cornwall, was most contemptuously indignant at the impudence of a man as young as the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* daring to regale the world with his reminiscences. It is terrible to reflect on the reception Mrs. Procter would probably accord to the mere youths who have come forward with their experiences in this magazine. Yet we youngsters may take heart of grace when we remember that the Autocrat of all the Breakfast-Tables has thrown out the tempting suggestion of "Every Man his own Boswell,"—a suggestion easy for him to make and to exemplify, but hard enough for us who follow: *ne fait pas ce tour qui veut*; as Lowell has told us, there has been only one Boswell, as there has been only one Shakespeare. If the art of autobiography is difficult, all the more is it one's duty to begin early and learn the trade against old age, which only whist may relieve and garrulous gossip about one's lost youth. Longfellow, to cite the third of the New-England trinity,—for the Bostonian has not been a unitarian in literature since the death of Emerson,—Longfellow once made a merry quip that "autobiography is what biography ought to be." And so, rejecting Thackeray's advice to "wait till you come to forty year," we may act rather on the more American motto which bids us "go it while you're young."

I was born in New Orleans, February 21, 1852,—a day too soon, so I thought all through my childhood; for if Washington's Birthday had only been mine also, I should have had a holiday always on the anniversary of my first appearance on the stage of life. I was brought to New York when I was five years old, and here I have lived ever since, and here I hope to die. By no one is the great, busy, lazy, shambling, queer, dirty, and delightful city better beloved than by me, or more richly enjoyed or more patiently studied. I was graduated from Columbia College in 1871, and from its law-school two years later. Mr. Lowell was class-poet, he studied law, and he gave it up for literature; so was I, and so have I done; and I am now—to push the parallel well into the future—I am now preparing myself to represent this country at the Court of St. James.

In boyhood my strongest taste was for the theatre, but it was comprehensive, and included nearly every department of the "show business." Before I was twenty, I had taken the low-comedy part in a

farce, I had played Clown in a pantomime, I had blacked up as Bones in a negro-minstrel performance, I had worked a Punch-and-Judy show, I had given an exhibition of modern magic, and I had come forward as a juggler and hat-spinner and as a performer on the flying trapeze at the entertainment of a little acrobatic club of which I was one of the founders. There remained for me to attempt only the ballet and the bare-backed steed; the latter I have always bitterly regretted. It is one of the most comforting of my boyish memories that, after the unpretending performance of our modest acrobatic club, at which three of us had—perhaps rather arbitrarily—ended an exhibition of hat-spinning by a broad-sword combat, followed by frog-leaps and the more effective porpoise-leaps, a professional circus-man who had happened in accidentally, and who chose to be pleased with our “act,” asked us if we would not like to join a circus and go on the road for the summer. The tented field had always had attractions for me, but I resisted, and so did my two partners. One of them, the son of a most distinguished American actor, is now the manager of a company of his own, and the other, who is now at the head of a great line of steamships, not long ago just missed being the Democratic candidate for mayor of New York.

But while I was amusing myself with these inferior arts my fondness for the acted drama grew steadily and irresistibly. I can now remember distinctly certain of the effects of Mr. Edwin Booth’s beautiful productions of “Hamlet” and “Richelieu” at the Winter-Garden Theatre, when I was only twelve or thirteen years old. I can recall also the storming of the Tolbooth in a dramatization of the “Heart of Midlothian” acted at Laura Keane’s Theatre about the same time. In 1866, when I was fourteen, I went to Paris again, and to the Théâtre Français for the first time. The chief play of the evening was Alfred de Musset’s simple and pathetic “On ne badine pas avec l’amour,” and I can feel now again the thrill with which I heard Madame Favart when she tottered to the door at the end of the play, and, with one look at M. Delaunay, cried, “*Elle est morte ! Adieu, Perdican !*” I have seen since many a perfect performance by the Comédie-Française, but this cry, and the expression of M. Coquelin when, as the *vibron* duke in “L’Étrangère,” he sees the American shake his finger in his face, are the effects which most readily recur to my memory.

While in Paris in 1870—we were there when the news of the disaster at Sedan arrived, and we saw the downfall of the Empire—I had made a hasty and very boyish adaptation of a French farce, which Mr. Stuart Robson acted in Indianapolis in October, 1871. This farce was called “Very Odd;” it was what is known as a “Protean” play, and in

it Mr. Stuart Robson was called upon to disguise his identity in three assumed characters. He acted it in the same bill with three other farces, and nothing has been heard of it since. In the summer of 1873 I went to Paris, and while there it struck me suddenly that a very good way to learn how to write a play, and to have the play accepted when written, would be to collaborate with a French dramatist. I had a lot of loose hints for a drama of life on the Plains in the Far West, to be set off with red Indians and red fire; and these I determined to propose to M. Dennery, the author of "Don César de Bazan," and of the "Sea of Ice," and of more melodramas than any other living man. I found that M. Dennery resided in a magnificent *hôtel* of his own, near the Arc de Triomphe. Thither I sped at once, with my notes in my pocket. "Monsieur has just gone forth," the *conciierge* responded, in answer to my inquiry. "There he is now, walking down the Avenue des Champs-Élysées,—that *vieux monsieur* there, with the white umbrella." I hastened after the white umbrella, and introduced myself to its owner as an American who desired his collaboration. M. Dennery—a dignified old gentleman, with sharp eyes, white hair, and the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his button-hole—listened to me with great courtesy, and inquired as to the principal points of my proposed play. When I had explained these as best I could, he expressed his regret that the piece did not seem to be exactly in his line. "*Maintenant*," he said, "*je fais plutôt des drames intimes*." Bacon tells us not to give a reason for a negative, and M. Dennery did not give me a very good one; for soon after he brought out the "Two Orphans" and "Around the World in Eighty Days," neither of which can well be called a *drame intime*. Before parting from M. Dennery he recommended me to apply to his friend and former collaborator, M. Ferdinand Dugué.

I did not go to M. Dugué; I went to M. Eugène Nus, the author of the French originals of the dramas known in America as the "Streets of New York," the "Ticket-of-Leave Man," and "Miss Multon." M. Nus was also a dignified, courteous, and white-haired old gentleman, with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his button-hole. With M. Nus I had several long talks, in the course of which we discovered that my projected Indian drama was not worthy of further discussion, but that there were other phases of Western life which might be presented effectively on the French stage. We sketched out in the rough the plan of a play containing one situation which I still believe to be strong and new. Before we could carry the work any further, the time came for my return to New York. Collaboration by correspondence is difficult, and our drama slumbered. Five years later I was able to go

to Paris again, and one of my first visits was to M. Nus. I regret to say that he failed to recognize me at once; but I soon recalled myself to his memory by reminding him of the wild Western drama we had outlined together in 1873. When I dwelt with some stress on the strong and new situation, M. Nus interrupted me, saying, "Was it you who suggested that scene?" With paternal pride I confessed and denied not. "Ah!" he answered, doubtfully, "and I have used it in a play I have written with somebody else." Ever since then I have felt myself at liberty also to use that situation in a play written with somebody else.

When I came back from Europe, in the fall of 1878, I wrote the three-act comedy of "*Margery's Lovers*," first performed at the London Court Theatre in February, 1884, in an English translation, the original play having been written in my native American. I was in New York when the play was performed in London, and I do not know anything about it except what the English critics told me; and when the critics do agree about the stage, their unanimity is wonderful. I have written also a little one-act comedy, "*Playing a Part*," originally published in *Lippincott's Magazine* in March, 1880.

I have spoken here at length about these dramatic experiences, because it is as a dramatist that I should wish to be received, and because most of my literary work has been in one way or another connected with the theatre. As soon as I had taken my LL.B., I began to offer my contributions to the magazines. When in Paris in 1873, I went out one day to Couture's studio, and there, curiously enough, I picked up a copy of the *Galaxy* containing my first magazine article. I forget now what its subject may have been, but I cannot forget the delight it gave me most unexpectedly to see myself in print. On my return to America I continued to contribute to the *Galaxy*, and I began to see my articles appear in other magazines. I made it a rule never to call on an editor personally until after he had accepted an article of mine sent by post. Only once did I break through this rule: I took a letter of introduction to the editor of *Harper's*, and he rejected the article I offered. It was an account of the chief actors of the Comédie-Française: it was accepted by *Scribner's*, and it formed the basis of my first book, the "*Theatres of Paris*," published in 1880. I may be allowed to say here that the rejection of an article by one editor is no evidence that it will not suit the next editor to whom it is offered. The first editor was strictly exact in saying that he found the article "unavailable." With the very next paper I took to *Harper's* I was more fortunate: it was an essay on Sheridan's "*Duenna*," and it was utilized in the biography of the dramatist prefixed to an edition of "*Sheridan's Comedies*,"—the



Rivals and the School for Scandal," which I published in 1884. While writing "Margery's Lovers," in 1878, I had—to get myself into the proper atmosphere of modern comedy—carefully reread all the plays of M. Augier, M. Dumas, M. Sardou, and the other masters of the contemporary French stage; and this reading bore fruit in the publication in 1881 of a volume of criticisms on the "French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century." With my friend Mr. Laurence Hutton I am now editing a series of five volumes of biography, criticism, and anecdote, devoted to the "Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States from the Days of David Garrick to the Present Time." I have also edited, with a prefatory note on private theatricals, a little collection of "Comedies for Amateur Acting."

I have prepared two anthologies: one, the "Poems of American Patriotism," was published in 1882; the other, "Ballads of Books," will appear almost simultaneously with this egotistic narrative. Seven or eight years ago Mr. Bunner and I tried an experiment in short-story writing, called "The Documents in the Case," and later we tried another experiment, called the "Seven Conversations of Dear Jones and Baby Van Rensselaer." Two years ago we gathered these two joint tales, and with six others, three of which we had each written, we made a volume of short-stories, which we called "In Partnership," and which was published in the fall of 1884. A year later I put forth alone a story, called "The Last Meeting," a novel in form, but a short-story in conception and method. This fall I shall publish another volume of half a dozen short stories, "A Secret of the Sea," taking its title from the first and most important tale. As I look back at these stories of mine, slight as they are, and consider the abundance of dialogue, the brevity of description, the paucity of analysis, and the extreme carefulness of construction, they seem to me to be the handiwork of a writer who has trained himself as a dramatist, learning his trade in the theatres of Paris. But as I reread these pages of rambling recollections, wherein the perpendicular pronoun erects itself with most unconscionable frequency and with all the pride of Pompey's Pillar, I confess to a great doubt: a dramatist ought to be able at least to conceal his own egotism.

*Brander Matthews.*

## OUR CONSUL AT CARLSRUHE.

"**D**IED.—In Baden, Germany, the 22d instant, Charles Austin Pinckney, late United States Consul at Carlsruhe, aged sixty years."

There: most stories of men's lives end with the epitaph, but this of Pinckney's shall begin there. If we, as haply God or devil can, could unroof the houses of men's souls, if their visible works were of their hearts rather than their brains, we should know strange things. And this alone, of all the possible, is certain. For bethink you how men appear to their Creator as he looks down into the soul, that matrix of their visible lives we find so hard to localize and yet so sure to be. For all of us believe in self; and few of us but are forced, one way or another, to grant existence to some selves outside of us. Can you not fancy that men's souls, like their farms, would show here a patch of grain and there the tares, there the weeds and here the sowing,—over this place the rain has been, and that other, to one looking down upon it from afar, seems brown and desolate, wasted by fire or made arid by the drouth? In this man's life is a poor beginning, but a better end; in this other's we see the foundations, the staging and the schemes of mighty structures, now stopped, given over, or abandoned,—of vessels, fashioned for the world's seas, now rotting on the stocks. Of this one, all seems ready but the launching, of that the huge keelson only has been laid; but both alike have died unborn, and the rain falls upon them, and the mosses grow; the sound of labor is far off, and the scene of work is silent. Small laws make great changes; slight differences of adjustment end quick in death. Small, even, they would seem to us; but to the infinite mind all things, small and great, are alike: the spore of rust in the ear is very slight, but a famine in the corn will shake the world.

Pinckney's life the world called lazy; his leisure was not fruitful, and his sixty years of life were but a gentleman's. Some slight lesion may have caused paralysis of energy, some clot of heart's blood pressed upon the soul: I make no doubt our doctors could diagnose it, if they knew a little more. Tall and slender, he had a strange face,—a face with a young man's beauty; his white hair gave a charm to the rare smile, like new snow to the spring, and the slight stoop with which he walked was but a grace the more. In short, Pinckney was interesting. Women raved about him, young men fell in love with him, and if he was selfish, the fault lay between him and his Maker, not visible to other men. There are three things that make a man interesting in his

old age. The first, being heroism, we may put aside; but the other two are regret and remorse. Now, Mr. Pinckney's fragrance was not of remorse: women and young men would have called it heroism; it may have been. As much heroism as could be practised in thirty-six years of Carlsruhe.

Why Carlsruhe? That was the key-note of inquiry; and no one knew. Old men spoke unctuously of youthful scandals; women dreamed. I suspect even Mrs. Pinckney wondered: about as much as the ploughed field may wonder at the silence of the autumn. But Pinckney limped gracefully about the sleepy avenues which converge at the grand duke's palace, like a wakeful page in the castle of the Sleeping Beauty. Pinckney was a friend of the grand duke's; and perhaps it was a certain American flavor persisting in his manners which made him seem the only man at the Baden court who met his arch-serene Altitude on equal terms. For one who had done nothing and possessed little, Pinckney certainly preserved a marvellous personal dignity. His four daughters were all married to scions of Teutonic nobility; and each one in turn had asked him for the Pinckney arms, and quartered them into the appropriate checker-square with as much grave satisfaction as he felt for the far-off patch of Hohenzollern or of Hapsburg in sinister chief. Pinckney had laughed at it, and referred them to the Declaration of Independence, clause the first; but his wife had copied them from some spoon or sugar-bowl. She was very fond of Pinckney, and no more questioned him why they always lived in Carlsruhe than a Persian would the sun for rising east. Now and then they went to Baden, and her cup was full.

Pinckney died of a cold, unostentatiously, and was buried like a modest gentleman; though the grand duke actually wanted to put the court in mourning for three days, and consulted with his chamberlain whether it would do. Mrs. Pinckney had preceded him by some six years; but she was an appendage, and her husband's deference had always seemed in Carlsruhe a trifle strained. It was only in these last six years that any one had gossiped of remorse, in answer to the sphinx-like question of his marble brow: such questions vex the curious. Mere furrows trouble nobody,—money-matters are enough for them,—but white smoothness in old age is a bait and tickles curiosity. Some said, at home he was a devil and beat his wife.

But Pinckney never beat his wife. Late in the last twilight of her life she had called him to her, and excluded even the four daughters, with their stout and splendid barons; then, alone with him, she looked to him and smiled. And suddenly his gentleman's heart took a jump, and the tears fell on her still, soft hands. I suppose some old road was

opened again, in the gray matter of his brain. Mrs. Pinckney smiled the more strongly, and said, not quite so terribly as Mrs. Amos Barton, "Have I made you happy, dearest Charles?" And Charles, the perfect-mannered, said she had,—but said it stammering. "Then," said she, "I die very happily, dear." And she did; and Pinckney continued to live at Carlsruhe.

The only activities of Pinckney's mind were critical. He was a wonderful orator, but he rarely spoke; people said he could have been a great writer, but he never wrote,—at least, nothing original. He was the art and Continental-drama critic of several English and American reviews; in music he was a Wagnerian, which debarred him from writing of it except in German; but the little Court Theatre at Carlsruhe has Wagner's portrait over the drop-curtain, and the consul's box was never empty when the mighty heathen legends were declaimed or the holy music of the Grail was sung. In fiction of the earnest sort, and poetry, Pinckney's critical pen showed a marvellous magic, striking the scant springs of the author's inspiration through the most rocky ground of incident or style. But, after all, as every young compatriot who went to Baden said, what the deuce and all did he live in Baden for? Miles Breeze had said it in '50, when he made the grand tour with his young wife, and dined with him in Baden-Baden,—that is, when Breeze dined with him, for his young wife was indisposed and could not go. Miles Breeze, Jr., had said it as late as '76, when he went abroad, ostensibly for instruction, after leaving college. He had letters to Mr. Pinckney, who was very kind to the young Baltimorean, and greatly troubled the grand duke his Serenity by presenting him as a relative of the Bonapartes. Many another American had said it, and even some leading politicians; but Pinckney continued to live in Carlsruhe.

His critical faculties seemed sharpened, after his wife's death, as his hair grew whiter; and, if you remember how he looked before, you must have noticed that the greatest change was in the expression of his face. There was one faint downward line at either side of his mouth, and the counterpart at the eyes; a doubtful line, which, faint as it was graven, gave a strange amount of shading to the face. And, in speaking of him still earlier, you must remember to take your india-rubber and rub out this line from his face. This done, the face is still serious, but it has a certain light, a certain air of confidence, of determination, regretful though it be, which makes it loved by women. Women can love a desperate—but never begin to love a beaten—cause. Women fell in love with Pinckney,—for the lightning does strike twice in the same place,—but his race was rather that of Lohengrin than of the Asra, and he saw it, or seemed to see it, not. Still, in these times those down-

ward lines had not come, and there was a certain sober light in his face, as of a sorrowful triumph. This was in the epoch of his greatest interestingness to women.

When he first came to Carlsruhe, he was simply the new consul, nothing more : a handsome young man, almost in his honeymoon, with a young and pretty wife. He had less presence in those days, and seemed absorbed in his new home, or deeply sunk in something ; people at first fancied he was a poet meditating a great work, which finished, he would soon leave Carlsruhe. He never was seen to look at a woman, not overmuch at his wife, and was not yet popular in society. But it was true that he was newly married. He was married in Boston, in '43 or '44, to Emily Austin, a far-off cousin of his, whom he had known (he himself was a Carolinian) during his four years at Cambridge. For his four years in Cambridge were succeeded by two more at the Law School. Then he won a great case against Mr. Choate, and was narrowly beaten in an election for Congress ; after that it surprised no one to hear the announcement of his engagement to Miss Austin, for his family was unexceptionable and he had a brilliant future. The marriage came in the fall, rather sooner than people expected, at King's Chapel. They went abroad, as was natural ; and then he surprised his friends and hers by accepting his consulship and staying there. And they were imperceptibly, gradually, slowly, and utterly forgotten.

The engagement came out in the spring of '43, and in June of that year young Pinckney had gone to visit his *fiancée* at Newport. Had you seen him then, you would have seen him in perhaps the brightest rôle that fate has yet permitted on this world's stage. A young man, a lover, rich, gifted, and ambitious, of social position unquestioned in South Carolina and the old Bay State,—all the world loved him as a lover, the many envied him, the upper few desired him. Handsome he has always remained,

And the world did look to him as bright as he to the world. He was in love, as he told himself, and Miss Austin was a lovable girl, and the other things he was dimly conscious of, and he had a long vacation ahead of him, and was to be married late in the autumn, and he walked up from the wharf in Newport, swinging his cane and thinking on these pleasant things.

Newport in those days was not the paradise of cottages and curricles, of lawns and laces, of new New Yorkers and Nevada miners : it was the time of big hotels and baths, of Southern planters, of Jullien's orchestras and of hotel hops ; such a barbarous time as the wandering New Yorker still may find lingering on the simple shores of Maine, surviving in the verdant valleys of the Green Mountains : in short, it was Arca-



dia, not Belgravia. And you must remember that Pinckney, who was dressed in the latest style, wore a blue broadcloth frock-coat, cut very low and tight in the waist, with a coat-collar rolling back to reveal a vast expanse of shirt-bosom, surmounted by a cravat of awful splendor, bow-knotted and blue-fringed. His trousers were of white duck, his boots lacquered, and he carried a gold-tipped cane in his hand. So he walked up the narrow old streets from the wharf, making a sunshine in those shady places. It was the hottest hour of a midsummer afternoon; not a soul was stirring, and Pinckney was left to his own pleasant meditations.

He got up the hill and turned into the park by the old mill; over opposite was the great hotel, its piazzas deserted, silent even to the hotel band. But one flutter of a white dress he saw, beneath the trees, and then it disappeared behind them, causing Pinckney to quicken his steps. He thought he knew the shape and motion, and he followed it until he came upon it suddenly, behind the trees, and it turned.

A young girl of wonderful beauty, rare erect carriage, and eyes of a strange iron-gray, full of much meaning. This was all Pinckney had time to note; it was no one he had ever seen before. He had gone up like a hunter sure of his game and too far in it to retract. The embarrassment of the situation was such that Pinckney forgot all his cleverness of manner, and blurted out the truth like any school-boy.

"I beg pardon. I was looking for Miss Austin," said he; and he raised his hat.

A delightful smile of merriment curled the beauty's lip. "My acquaintance with Miss Austin is too slight to justify my finding her for you; but I wish you all success in your efforts," she said, and vanished, leaving the promising young lawyer to blush at his own awkwardness and wonder who she was. As she disappeared, he only saw that her hair was a lustrous coil of pale gold-brown, borne proudly.

He soon found Emily Austin, and forgot the beauty, as he gave his betrothed a kiss and saw her color heighten; and in the afternoon they took a long drive. It was only at tea, as he was sitting at table with the Austins in the long dining-room, that some one walked in like a goddess; and it was she. He asked her name, and they told him it was a Miss Warfield, of Baltimore, and she was engaged to a Mr. Breeze.

In the evening there was a ball, and as they were dancing (for every one danced in those days) he saw her again, sitting alone this time and unattended. She was looking vaguely across the room, through the dancers and beyond, and in her eyes was the deepest look of sadness Pinckney had ever seen in a girl's face,—a look such as he had thought no girl could feel. A moment after, and it was gone, as some one spoke

to her ; and Pinckney wondered if he had not been mistaken, so fleeting was it and so strange. An acquaintance—one of those men who delight to act as brokers of acquaintances—who had noticed his gaze came up. "That is the famous Miss Mary Warfield," said he. "Shall I not introduce you ?"

"No," said Pinckney ; and he turned away rudely. To be rude when you like is perhaps one of the choicest prerogatives of a good social position. The acquaintance stared after him as he went back to Miss Austin, and then went up and spoke to Miss Warfield himself. A moment after, Pinckney saw her look over at him with some interest, and he wondered if the man had been ass enough to tell her. Pinckney was sitting with Emily Austin, and after another moment he saw Miss Warfield look at her. Then her glance seemed to lose its interest, her eyelids drooped, and Pinckney could see from her interlocutor's manner that he was put to his trumps to keep her attention. At last he got away, awkwardly, and for many minutes the strange girl sat like a statue, her long lashes just veiling her eyes, so that Pinckney, from a distance, could not see what was in them. Suddenly the veil was drawn, and her eyes shone full upon him, her look meeting his. Pinckney's glance fell, and his cheeks grew redder. Miss Warfield's face did not change, but she rose and walked, though unattended, through the centre of the ball-room to the door. Pinckney's seat was nearer it than hers. She passed him as if without seeing him, moving with unconscious grace, though it would not have been the custom at that time for a girl to cross so large a room alone. Just then some one asked Miss Austin for a dance, and Pinckney, who was growing weary of it, went out on the piazza for a cigar, and then, attracted by the beauty of the night, strayed farther than he knew, alone, along the cliffs above the sea.

The next day he was walking with Miss Austin, and they passed her, in her riding-habit, waiting by the mounting-stone. She bowed to Miss Austin alone, leaving him out, as it seemed to Pinckney, with exaggerated care.

"Is she not beautiful ?" said Emily, ardently.

"Humph !" said Pinckney. A short time after, as they were driving on the road to the Fort, he saw her again ; she was riding alone, across-country, through the rocky knolls and marshy pools that form the southern part of the Rhode Island. She had no groom lagging behind ; but it was not so necessary then as now ; and indeed a groom would have had a hard time to keep up with her as she rattled up the granite slopes and down over logs and bushes with her bright bay horse. The last Pinckney saw of her, she disappeared over a rocky hill against the sky, her beautiful horse flecked with foam, quivering with happy ani-

mal life, and the girl calm as a figure carved in stone, with but the faintest touch of rose upon her face, as the pure profile was outlined one moment against the sunlit blue.

"How recklessly she rides!" whispered Miss Austin to him. And Pinckney said yes, absently, and, whipping up his horse, drove on, pretending to listen to his *fiancée's* talk. It seemed to be about dresses, and rings, and a coming visit to the B——s, at Nahant. He had never seen a girl like her before: she was a puzzle to him.

"It is a great pity she is engaged to Mr. Breeze," said Miss Austin; and Pinckney woke up with a start, for he was thinking of Miss Warfield, too.

"Why?" said he.

"I don't like him," said Emily. "He isn't good enough for her."

As this is a thing that women say of all wooers after they have won, and which the winner is usually, at that period, the first to admit, Pinckney paid little attention to this remark. But that evening he met Miles Breeze, saw him, talked with him, and heard others talk of him. A handsome man physically; well made, well dressed, well fed; well bred, as breeding goes in dogs or horses; a good shot, a good sportsman, yachtsman, story-teller; a good fellow, with a weak mouth; a man of good old Maryland blood, yet red and healthy, who had come there in his yacht and had his horses sent by sea. A well-appointed man, in short, provided amply with the conveniences of fashionable life. A man of good family, good fortune, good health, good sense, good nature, whom it were hypercritical to charge with lack of soul. "The first duty of a gentleman is to be a good animal," and Miles Breeze performed it thoroughly. Pinckney liked him, and he could have been his companion for years and still have liked him, except as a husband for Miss Warfield.

He could not but recognize his excellence as a *parti*. But the race of Joan of Arc does not mate with Bonhomme Richard, even when he owns the next farm. Pinckney used to watch the crease of Breeze's neck, above the collar, and curse.

Coming upon Miss Austin one morning, she had said, "Come, I want to introduce you to Miss Warfield." Pinckney had demurred, and offered as an excuse that he was smoking. "Nonsense, Charles!" said the girl; "I have told her you are coming." Pinckney threw away his cigar and followed, and the presentation was made. Miss Warfield drew herself almost unusually erect after courtesying, as if in protest at having to bow at all. She was so tall that, as Emily stood between them, he could meet Miss Warfield's iron-gray eyes above her head. It was the first time in Pinckney's life that he had consciously not known what to say.

"I was so anxious to have you meet Charles before he left," said Emily. Evidently his *fiancée* had been expatiating upon him to this new friend, and if there is anything that puts a man in a foolish position it is to have this sort of preamble precede an acquaintance.

"An anxiety I duly shared in, Miss Warfield, I assure you," said he; which was a truth spoiled in the uttering,—what the conversational Frenchman terms *banale*.

"Thank you," said Miss Warfield, very simply, and tremendously effectively. Pinckney for the second time with this young lady felt himself a school-boy. Emily interposed some feeble commonplaces, and then, after a moment, Miss Warfield said, "I must go for my ride." And she left, with a smile for Emily and the faintest possible glance for him. She went off with Breeze; and it gave Pinckney some relief to see that she seemed equally to ignore the presence of the man who was her acknowledged lover, as he trotted on a small, smart cob beside her.

That evening, when he went on the piazza after tea, he found her sitting alone in one corner, with her hands folded. It was one peculiarity about this woman that she was never seen with work. She made no sign of recognition as he approached; but, none the less, he took the chair that was beside her, and waited a moment for her to speak. "Have you found Miss Austin?" said the beauty, with the faintest trace of malice in her coldly-modulated tones, not looking at him.

"I am not looking for Miss Austin," said he.

And she continued not looking at him. And so this strange pair sat there, in the twilight, silent.

What was said between them I do not know; but in some way or other their minds met; for, long after Miss Austin and her mother had returned from some call, long after they had all left him, Pinckney continued to pace up and down restlessly in the dark. Pinckney had never seen a woman like this. After all, he was very young, and he had in his heart supposed that the doubts and delights of his soul were peculiar to men alone. He thought all women—at all events, all young and worthy women—regarded life and its accepted forms as an accomplished fact, not to be questioned, and, indeed, too delightful to need it. The young South Carolinian, in his ambitions, in his heart-longings and heart-sickenings, in his poetry, even in his emotions, had always been lonely,—so that this loneliness had grown to seem to him as merely part of the day's work. The best women, he knew, were the best housewives; they were a rest and a benefit for the war-weary man, much as might be a pretty child, a bed of flowers, a strain of music. With

Emily Austin he should find all this, and he loved her as good, pretty, amiable, perfect in her way. But now, with Miss Warfield, it had seemed that he was not even lonely.

Pinckney did not see her again for a week. When he met her he avoided her; she certainly avoided him. Breeze meantime gave a dinner. He gave it on his yacht, and gave it to men alone. Pinckney was of the number.

The next day there was a driving-party; it was to drive out of town to Purgatory, a pretty place, where there is a brook in a deep ravine with a verdant meadow-floor; and there they were to take food and drink, as is the way of humanity in pretty places. Now, it so happened that the Austins, Miss Warfield, Breeze, and Pinckney were going to drive in a party, the Austins and Miss Warfield having carriages of their own; but at the last moment Breeze did not appear, and Emily Austin was incapacitated by a headache. She insisted, as is the way of loving women, that "Charles should not lose it;" for to her it was one of life's pleasures, and such pleasures satisfied her soul. (It may be that she gave more of her soul to life's duties than did Charles, and life's pleasures were thus adequate to the remainder; I do not know.) Probably Miles Breeze also had a headache; at all events, he did not at the last moment appear. It was supposable that he would turn up at the picnic. Mrs. Austin joined her daughter's entreaty; Miss Warfield was left unattended; in fine, Pinckney went with her.

Miss Warfield had a solid little phaeton, with two stout ponies; she drove herself. For some time they were silent; then, insensibly, Pinckney began to talk and she to answer. What they said I need not say; indeed, I could not; for Pinckney was a poet, a man of rare intellect and imagination, and Miss Warfield was a woman of this world and the next, who used conventions as another might use a fan, to screen her from fools whose views were based on the ultimate. But they talked of the world, and of life in it; and when it came to an end, Pinckney noted to himself this strange thing: that they had both talked as of an intellectual problem, no longer concerning their emotions,—in short, as if this life were at an end, and they two were dead people discussing it.

So they arrived at the picnic, silent; and the people assembled looked at one another, and smiled, and said to one another, how glum those two engaged people looked, being together, and each wanting another. Mr. Breeze had not yet come; and as the people scattered while the luncheon was being prepared, Pinckney and she wandered off like the others. They went some distance—perhaps a mile or more—aimlessly, and then, as they seemed to have come about to the end of the valley, Pinckney



sat down upon a rock, but she did not do so, but remained standing. Hardly a word had so far been said between them, and then Pinckney looked at her, and said,—

“Why are you going to marry Mr. Breeze?”

“Why not?” listlessly.

“You might as well throw yourself into the sea,” said Pinckney. And he looked at the sea, which lay beyond them, shimmering.

“That I had not thought of,” said she. And she looked at the sea herself, with more interest.

Pinckney drew a long breath. “But why this man?” he said, at length.

“Why that man?” said the woman. And her beautiful lip curled, with the humor of the mind, while her eyes kept still the sadness of the heart,—the look that he had seen in the ball-room. “We are all poor,” she added. Then, scornfully, “It is my duty to marry.”

“But Miles Breeze?” persisted Pinckney.

The lip curled almost to a laugh. “I never met a better fellow than Miles,” said she. And the thought was so like his own of the night before that Pinckney gasped for breath. They went back, and had chicken croquettes and champagne, and a band that was hidden in the wood made some wild Spanish music.

Going home, a curious thing happened. They had started first, and far preceded all the others. Miss Warfield was driving; and when they were again in the main road, not more than a mile from the hotel, Pinckney saw ahead of them, coming in a light trotting-buggy of the sort that one associates with the gentry who call themselves “sports,” two of the gentlemen whom he had met at Breeze’s dinner the night before. Whether Miss Warfield also knew them he did not know; but they had evidently had more wine than was good for them, and were driving along in a reckless manner on the wrong side of the road. The buggy was much too narrow for the two; and the one that was driving leaned out towards them with a tipsy leer. Pinckney shouted at him, but Miss Warfield drove calmly on. He was on the point of grasping the reins, but a look of hers withheld him, and he sat still, wondering; and in a moment their small front wheel had crashed through both the axles and spider-web wheels of the trotting-buggy. The shock of the second axle whirled them round, and Pinckney fell violently against the dasher, while Miss Warfield was thrown clear of the phaeton on the outer side. But she had kept the reins; and before Pinckney could get to her, she was standing at her horses’ heads, patting their necks calmly, with a slight cut in her forehead, where she had fallen, and only her nostril quivering like theirs, as the horses stood there trem-

bling. The buggy was a wreck, and the horse had disappeared, and the two men, sobered by the fall, came up humbly to her to apologize. She heard them silently, with a pale face like some injured queen's, and then, bowing to them their dismissal, motioned Pinckney into the phaeton, which, though much broken, was still standing, and, getting in herself, drove slowly home.

"She might have killed herself," thought Pinckney; but he held his peace, as if it were the most natural course of action in the world. To tell the truth, under the circumstances, he might have done the same, alone.

Then it began. Pinckney could not keep this woman out of his head. He would think of her at all times, alone and in company. Her face would come to him in the loneliness of the sea, in the loneliness of crowds; the strong spirit of the morning was hers, and the sadness of the sunset and the wakeful watches of the night. Her face was in the clouds of sunset, in the sea-coal fire by night; her spirit in the dreams of summer noons, in the hopeless breakers on the stormy shores, in the useless, endless effort of the sea. Her eyes made some strange shining through his dreams; and he would wake with a cry that she was going from him, in the deepest hours of the night, as if in the dream he had lost her, vanishing forever in the daily crowd. Then he would lie awake until morning, and all the laws of God and men would seem like cobwebs to his sorrow and the power of it, freezing in his heart. This was the ultimate nature of his being, to follow her, as drop of water blends in drop of water, as frost rends rock. Let him then follow out his law, as other beings do theirs. Gravitation has no conscience; should he be weaker than a drop of water because he was conscious and a man?

So these early-morning battles would go on, and character, training, conscience, would go down before the simpler force, like bands of man's upon essential nature. Then with the first ray of the dawn he would think of Emily Austin, sleeping near him, perhaps dreaming of him, and his mad visions seemed to fade, and he would rise, exhausted, and wander out among the fresh fields, and green dewy lanes, and calm contentful trees, and be glad that these things were so; yet could these not be moved nor their destiny be changed. And as for him, what did it matter?

So the days went by, and Emily Austin looked upon him with eyes of limitless love and trust; and Pinckney did not dare to look upon himself, but his mind judged by daytime and his heart strove by night. Hardly at all had he spoken to Miss Warfield since, and no reference had ever been made between them to the accident or to the talk between

them in the valley. Only Pinckney knew that she was to be married very shortly, and he had urged Miss Austin to hasten their own wedding.

Emily went off with her mother to pay her last visit among the family and to make her preparations, and it was deemed proper that at this time Pinckney should not be with her. So he stayed in Newport five long days alone; and during this time he never spoke to Miss Warfield. I believe he tried not to look at her; she did not look at him. And on the fifth night Pinckney swore that he must speak to her once more, whatever happened.

In the morning there was talk of a sailing-party, and Pinckney noted Breeze busying himself about the arrangements. He waited, and at noon Breeze came to him and said that there was a scarcity of men; would he go? Yes. They had two sail-boats, and meant to land upon Conanicut, which was then a barren island without a house, upon the southern end, where it stretches out to sea.

Pinckney did not go in the same boat with Breeze and Miss Warfield, and, landing, he spent the afternoon with others and saw nothing of her. But after dinner was over, he spoke to her, inviting her to walk, and she came silently. A strange evening promenade that was: they took a path close on the sheer brink of the cliffs, so narrow that one must go behind the other. Pinckney had thought at first she might be frightened, with the rough path, and the steepness of the rocks, and the breakers churning at their base, but he saw that she was walking erect and fearlessly. Finally she motioned him to let her go ahead, and she led the way, choosing indiscriminately the straightest path, whether on the verge of the sea or leading through green meadows. A few colorless remarks were made by him, and then he saw the folly of it, and they walked in silence. After nearly an hour she stopped.

"We must be getting back," she said.

"Yes," said he, in the same tone. And they turned, she still leading the way, while he followed silently. They were walking towards the sunset; the sun was going down in a bank of dense gray cloud, but its long, level rays came over to them across a silent sea. She walked on, over the rugged cliff, like some siren, some genius of the place, with a sure, proud grace of step; she never looked around, and his eyes were fixed upon the black line of her figure as it went before him towards the gray and blood-red sunset. It seemed to him this was the last hour of his life; and, even as he thought, his ankle turned, and he stumbled and fell, walking unwittingly into one of the chasms where the line of the cliff turned in. He grasped a knuckle of rock and held his fall, just on the brink of a ledge above the sea. Miss Warfield had

turned quickly and seen it all, and she leaned down over the brink, with one arm around the rock above and the other extended to help him, the ledge on which he lay being some six feet below. Pinckney grasped her hand and kissed it.

Her color did not change at this, but with a strange strength in her beautiful, lithe figure she drew him up steadily, he helping partly with the other hand, until his knees rested on the path again. He stood up with some difficulty, as his ankle was badly wrenched.

"I am afraid you cannot walk," said she.

"Oh, yes," he answered, and took a few steps to show her. The pain was great; but she walked on, and he followed, as best he could, limping. She looked behind now, as if to encourage him, and he set his teeth and smiled.

"We must not be late," she said. "It is growing dark, and they will miss us."

But they did not miss them; for when they got to the landing-place both the sail-boats had left the shore without them. There was nothing but the purple cloud-light left by this time; but Pinckney fancied he could see her face grow pale, for the first time that day.

"We must get home," she said, hurriedly. "Is there no boat?"

Pinckney pointed to a small dory on the beach, and then to the sea. In the east was a black bank of cloud, rifted now and then by lightning, and from it the wind came down, and the white-caps curled angrily towards them.

"No matter," said she: "we must go."

Pinckney found a pair of oars under the boat, and dragged it with much labor over the pebbles, she helping him. The beach was steep and gravelly, with short breakers, rather than surf, and he got the bow well into the water, and held it there.

"Get in," said he.

Miss Warfield got into the stern, and Pinckney waded out, dragging the flat-bottomed boat until it was well afloat. Then he sprang in himself, and, grasping the oars, headed the boat for the Fort point, across the channel, three miles away. She sat silently in the stern, and it was too dark for him to see her face. He rowed savagely.

But the wind was straight ahead, and the sea increasing every moment. They were not, of course, exposed to the full swell of the ocean, but the wide sea-channel was full of short, fierce waves, that struck the little skiff repeated rapid blows and dashed the spray over both of them.

"Are you not afraid?" said he, calmly. "It is growing rougher every minute."

"Oh, no, Mr. Pinckney," said she. "Pray keep on."

Pinckney noticed a tremor of excitement in her voice, but by a flash of lightning that came just then he saw her deep eyes fixed on his, and the pure white outline of her face, undisturbed. So he rowed the harder, and she took a board there was and tried to steer. And now and then, as the clouds were lit, he saw her, like a fleeting vision in the night.

But the storm grew stronger, and Pinckney knew the boat that they were in was not really moving at all, though of course the swash of the waves went by, and the drifted spray. He tried to row harder, but with the pain in his ankle and the labor he was nearly exhausted, and his heart pumped in his chest at each recover. "Can you not make it?" said she, in the dark; and Pinckney vowed that he could, and set his teeth for a mighty pull. The oar broke, and the boat's head fell rapidly off in the trough of the sea. He quickly changed about his remaining oar, and with it kept the head to the wind.

"We must go back," he said, panting.

"I know," said she.

The wind-storm was fairly upon them, and, in spite of all his efforts, an occasional wave would get upon the beam and spill its frothing crest into the boat. Pinckney almost doubted whether it would float until it reached the shore, but Miss Warfield did not seem in the least disturbed, and spoke without a tremor in her voice. The lightning had stopped now, and he could not see her.

He had miscalculated the force of the wind and waves, however, for in a very few minutes they were driven broadside back upon the beach, almost at the same place from which they had started. Miss Warfield sprang out quickly, and he after, just as a wave turned the dory bottom upward on the stones.

"They will soon send for us," he said. And, stepping painfully up the shore, he occupied himself with spreading her shawl in a sheltered spot for them to wait in. She sat down, and he beside her. He was very wet, and she made him put some of the shawl over himself. The quick summer storm had passed now, with only a few big drops of rain, and the moon was breaking out fitfully through veils of driving clouds and thin storm-scurd. By its light he looked at her, and their eyes met. Pinckney groaned aloud, and stood up. "Would that they would never come! Would God that we could——"

"We cannot," said she, softly, in a voice that he had never heard from her before, a voice with tears in it. And the man threw himself down at her feet, inarticulate, maddened. Then, with a great effort at control, not touching her, but looking straight into her eyes, he said, in blunt, low speech, "Miss Warfield, I love you. Do you know it?"



Her head sank slowly down, but she answered, very low, but clearly, "Yes." Then their eyes met again, and by some common impulse they rose and walked apart. After a few steps he stopped, being lame, and leaned against the cliff, but she went on until her dark figure was blended with the shadows of the crags.

So when the boat came back, its sail silvered by the moonlight, they saw it, and, coming down, they met again, but only as the party were landing on the beach. Several of the party had come back; and Mr. Breeze, who was among them, was full of explanation how he had missed the first boat and barely caught the second, supposing that his *fiancée* was in the first. An awkward accident, but easily explained by Pinckney, with the strain in his ankle; and indeed the others were too full of excuses for having forgotten them to inquire into the causes of their absence together.

Pinckney went to his room, and had a night of delirium. Towards morning his troubled wakefulness ended, and he fell into a dream. He dreamed that in the centre of the world was one green bower, beneath a blossoming tree, and he and Miss Warfield were there. And the outer world was being destroyed, one sphere by fire and the other by flood, and there was only this bower left. But they could not stay there, or the tree would die. So they went away, he to the one side and she to the other, and the ruins of the world fell upon them, and they saw each other no more.

In the morning his delirium left him, and his will resumed its sway. He went down, and out into the green roads, and listened to the singing of the birds, and then out to the cliff-path; and there he found Miss Warfield sitting as if she knew that he would come. He watched her pure face while she spoke, and her gray eyes; the clear light of the morning was in them, and on the gleaming sea beyond.

"You must go," said she.

"Yes," he said, and that was all. He took her hand for one moment and lifted it lightly to his lips; then he turned and took the path across the fields. When he got to the first stile he looked around; she was still sitting there, turned towards him. He lifted his hat, and held it for a second or two, then he turned the corner of the hedge and went down to the town.

Thus it happened that this story, which began sadly, with an epitaph, may end with wedding-bells:

"*Married.*—At King's Chapel, by the Rev. Dr. A——, the 21st of September, Charles Austin Pinckney to Emily, daughter of the late James Austin."

*J. S. of Dale.*

## EXPERIENCES OF A COW-BOY.

NOT long ago, exigencies, on which I need not dwell at length, drove me to the Far West, where I hoped, after serving my apprenticeship as a cow-boy, to pass in time to the managership of a cattle-ranch. Not a very exalted ambition, certainly; but the *res angusta domi* is a hard taskmaster, and, though I shrank from the prospect at first, I gradually made up my mind to it, and even anticipated with pleasure a change from town life and its enervating influences to the rude but bracing atmosphere of a cow-boy's life.

Late in February, 188—, I found myself in the sordid, reeking saloon of a small prairie settlement, surrounded by a motley crew of bull-whackers, mule-skinners, grangers, drummers, gamblers, and cow-boys, the latter easily distinguishable by their devil-may-care air and fantastic get-up. In these unwonted surroundings I am not ashamed to confess that I was overcome by a feeling of complete isolation. I had cast my lot among men with whom in my then mood it appeared to me that I had not a single idea or habit in common; and yet upon their regard and good will my future well-being almost entirely depended. I sat gloomily in a quiet corner of the saloon, yet could not but be keenly interested in all that went on around me. A stranger's first impressions are of necessity superficial. What passed through my mind during those faint-hearted, regretful moments is therefore perfectly immaterial; whatever conclusions I came to were in all probability entirely wrong; subsequent experience has effectually obliterated the very memory of them. I was a fish out of water, *voilà tout!*

"Whar's the boss of the Y Z outfit?" inquires a long, lank youngster with jingling spurs, swaggering up to the bar-tender, who is busily engaged in "setting up drinks" for a group of men.

After a prolonged stare and the usual expectoration, he replies, "What, Wash Barton?"

"That's so."

"Waal, I guess he's round at the store."

Now, Barton was the name of the foreman of one of the large cattle-companies of Texas, to whom the manager had provided me with a letter, and from whom I hoped to obtain employment.

As I waited, somebody entered the saloon, and was immediately received on all hands with salutations of "How-do, Wash?" Looking up, I saw a hard-bitten, thick-set man of about five-and-thirty, at first sight of somewhat forbidding aspect, but in whose quiet demeanor and

rugged, weather-beaten features a good judge of character would soon detect honesty and courage, combined with a certain stand-off shyness not uncommon in men whose lives are spent far away from their fellow-creatures.

"I reckon you want a job as a hand," he curtly remarked, after I had told him my rigmarole. "Waal, and what can you do?"

"I can ride a bit, I think," I somewhat hesitatingly replied.

"That ain't much; but I guess we can fix you up with a job that'll soon let you know if you can ride or not. I've bought a bunch of a hundred head of bronchos down south of Rio Pecos, and can take you on at thirty dollars a month as broncho-rider. Anyhow, I shall pull for the horse-camp to-morrow, and I guess you'd better get your fixings and help bring some of our sick cow-ponies back to the ranch." I closed at once, and for the rest of that day I had a busy time of it.

Every cow-boy owns a private horse, a saddle and bridle, for if he is thrown out of employment far from any settlement, or whilst hunting for work in the prairies, his only means of travelling is his horse; besides these, his equipment consists of a pair of chapareros (leather overalls), generally ornamented with fringes after the manner of the Indians. Add a pair of Mexican spurs, the enormous rowels of which are fitted with jingle-bobs if he be a dude, a long slicker (waterproof coat), a six-shooter hanging from the cartridge-belt in an open scabbard, a Winchester saddle-gun, and a very heavy, wide-brimmed felt hat ornamented with leather band or silver Mexican roll. A couple of blankets and a buffalo-robe, or padded quilt, and tarpaulin covering, serve as bedding; and last, but not least, his trusty raw-hide lariat or hempen rope, without which he would indeed be helpless, completes his outfit. All these things I bought at the store, aided and advised in their selection by a friendly cow-boy at whose expense I had had a drink.

I was more at home when it came to buying a horse, and chose a wiry little roan standing about fourteen hands two inches.

Wash Barton was standing by at the time, and I think that I rose in his estimation when I rightly gauged the animal's age by his mouth.

The next morning long before sunrise we started for the winter horse-camp, forty-odd miles north. How bleak and cold and dreary the prairie looked! how brown and sparse and shrivelled up the grass!—a desolate scene indeed.

No wonder one came frequently across bleached bones and carcasses in every stage of decomposition; some a shapeless shrivelled heap of bones and hide, and others, still more ghastly, hideously distorted and swollen. Flocks of buzzards, gorged with their loathsome food, rose

with slow-flapping wings as we approached, only to settle again after we had passed, and occasionally we spied a coyote slinking furtively away.

I saw that my companion, like all Western men, disliked being questioned; but, from what I could gather, the winter had been long and severe, and, as that particular part of the prairie was devoid of shelter, many cattle had succumbed.

"I reckon we're within a mile of the horse-camp, and them horses ain't been doing well," soliloquized Wash, after we had jogged along for a good six hours in the jerky style peculiar to prairie-horses. A fetid odor now filled the atmosphere, and I soon began to understand what prompted the remark that "the horses hadn't been doing well."

Dead horses became more and more frequent, and occasionally a living skeleton of a horse hobbled across our path, almost hairless, and covered with scabs and sores.

At last we came in sight of a small wooden shanty standing apart from a long line of tumble-down open sheds and a roughly-constructed enclosure or "corral;" but before we reached it we passed a heap of about forty dead horses piled up together, the most revolting, pitiful spectacle imaginable, and standing listlessly, or moving about with staggering gait, were about twice as many more still living creatures, with a peculiar look and manner about them such as I had never seen before, and most of whom must surely soon be dragged to the big heap close by. But what on earth did it all mean? It seemed so strange to come suddenly across this gruesome sight on the lone prairie. I soon learned the explanation.

A weed called "loco" has of late years largely increased in some of the cattle-ranges of Texas and the Indian Territory, owing probably to an increase in the rain-fall: it has a mysterious habit of appearing suddenly in places where it was before unknown, and, given a dry season, of as suddenly disappearing. During the summer, when the prairie is a fair expanse of waving grass, lit up with bright flowers, both horses and cattle instinctively avoid it; but when in the fall of the year the grass becomes scarce in over-stocked regions, and when all around assumes a brown and burnt-up appearance, it stands out conspicuously and temptingly green, its long, soft, velvety leaves rising in a bunch from six inches to a foot off the ground. Then the hungry creatures begin by nibbling, suspiciously and stealthily, at the seductive plant, but very soon become reckless, and eagerly and greedily devour all that comes in their way. And now, if the mania cannot be nipped in the bud by a sufficiency of good strong food, the animal is doomed, for he has become a confirmed "loco-eater." He will rapidly become thin, and lose all control over his movements; he will be subject to

frequent fits, during which he lies on the ground groaning and foaming at the mouth; he throws himself about without reason; rears up or runs round in small circles when you attempt to mount him; his eyes turn dull and stupid; in short, he gives you the impression of being bereft of his senses. Specimens of "loco" have been subjected to analysis by experts in Washington and in Edinburgh, but without anything injurious being discovered in it. It is possible that some minute animalcule may be the cause of the mischief, but up to the present its disastrous effects only are known, for this pernicious weed causes periodically the death of thousands of horses and cattle.

Here, then, was the clue to the miserable appearance of these wretched creatures. More severely punished than their human counterpart the opium-eater, they had paid, or were paying, with their lives the penalty of their devotion to the drug.

Out of about two hundred and fifty "locoed" horses, which had been driven in the fall from the region where "loco" flourished, but ninety-odd head had wintered. The carcasses of the rest were strewn about the boggy bottoms of the creek, whither they had dragged themselves to quench their last raging thirst, and those that had died in too close proximity to the shanty in which the boys lived had been heaped up in a small hollow, in order to mitigate the pestilential stench which arose from them. Right glad I was to leave such scenes after a couple of days spent in preparing harness, saddlery, and mess-wagon for the march.

The mess-wagon is always an important feature when an outfit starts on the "trail," for in it are stowed our rolls of bedding, the cooking-utensils, and sacks of flour, coarse bacon, coffee, beans, prunes, sugar, and canned tomatoes, sufficient to last several months, when, as during the spring round-up, hundreds of miles of country are scoured in every direction to gather stray cattle.

Having shot two horses which were unable to stand up, we rounded-up our cripples and made a start for the head-quarters ranch, one hundred and eighty miles due south. A sorry crowd indeed! In addition to being badly "locoed" and half starved, the majority suffered from Spanish itch, a skin-disease which eats the hair off and leaves the shivering creature exposed to the icy blasts of the wind-swept plains. Many of them had open kidney-sores and wither-galls so large and deep that they had remained unhealed five months after the heavy Mexican saddles which caused them had been removed from their backs. Moreover, there were several bad cases of pink-eye, with all its loathsome symptoms of swollen, running nostrils, watering eyes, and wheezy breathing.

A few comparatively sound horses immediately take the lead, but



the tail of the bunch, being composed of the worst cases, require a deal of cruel urging. Never before had I heard such swearing and cursing, such blasphemous meaningless oaths and mighty anathemas as were continually on the lips of the sorely-tried cow-boys. Three long weeks did this melancholy procession trail across the prairie,—ten miles a day being the best pace we could manage,—until the herd had considerably thinned down, and the survival of the fittest enabled us to quicken. Every now and then a horse stumbled and fell; generally he was too weak to rise, when a couple of boys dismounted, and, passing a rope under his body and round their shoulders, hoisted the poor beast on his legs again. As a rule, this was the beginning of the end: if he managed to hold up until the end of the day's march, the frosty night settled him. Every morning, in the chill half-light of early dawn, it was our sad duty to lift those who had lain down to rest, and, by rubbing their stiffened, trembling limbs, to restore circulation sufficiently to enable them to stand. Others were beyond help, and several times I have given such their quietus with a six-shooter bullet without drawing more than a faint trickle of blood, so poor were they. One old gray, called "Blanco," showed an extraordinary amount of pluck and sagacity. He was always in the tail of the bunch, but never actually within reach of the long lassos, which the boys flick with great dexterity to a distance of about thirty feet. During a halt he never left the wagon, but hung around on the chance of getting a chunk of bread, and so long as the camp-fire burned during the night, he stood over it perfectly motionless, his handsome old head hanging down. He was a great favorite, and we all did our best to keep him alive, even going the length of sacrificing a blanket to cover his old bones. But it was no use; Blanco got weaker and weaker; we lifted him five times in one day, when only forty miles from our destination. That night's frost was keen, and Blanco fell dead in our midst without a groan.

And now the trials and privations of that painfully-memorable drive were nearly over. The spring hurricanes had spent their fury, and every day the air, lately so eager and nipping, became balmy and more genial. The aspect of the prairie changes the farther south we go; the dreary monotony of the broad plains is diversified by gracefully-rounded slopes and thickly-timbered river-bottoms; blue antelope hills rise in the distance; the ground is broken by rocky cañons and deep arroyos; bright, quick-running streams gladden the eye, and afford opportunity for a refreshing bath. The verdure begins to show on tree and plain; the prairie-lark pours out his love-song in soft, mellow notes; all nature, putting off her rough mood, submits to the mild Western spring.

"I guess a couple of hands had better ride forward," shouts Wash, as the leaders of the bunch break into a smart trot. "Dog-gone their ornary souls, I'll be dog-goned if they ain't already got wind of the home-ranch!" and, although we still had a good seven miles before us, it became necessary, for the first time, to restrain their eagerness. Every one brightens up at the prospect of reaching head-quarters, of sleeping for a few nights with a roof over our heads, and of being relieved of our uncongenial task.

A long, irregular, narrow strip of timber marks the course of the creek, in a bend of which the ranch-buildings are situated. The boys come out to greet us, and pull long faces at the sight of our attenuated little bunch.

"Waall, now, they're a hard-looking lot of scarecrows," says one; "I'll be blank-blanked if that blank-blanked son-of-a-gun paint [piebald] ain't got a sore back still," remarks another; and so on; but not a word of regret or pity falls from their lips. They are glad to see us. The return of the boss means the return of active life. They have been having a dull time of it during the long winter months,—building and repairing corrals, fencing in pastures, and quartered alone or in couples, for months at a time, in cheerless dug-outs on the confines of the range, the monotony of their lives broken only by daily line-riding, a process which consists in riding a certain distance along the boundaries of the range in order to head back as much as possible any large drift of cattle. The ranch itself is built of "adobe," after the manner of the Mexicans, the "adobe" consisting of layers of prairie sod, which packs very tightly and forms a solid weather-tight wall, excluding both heat and cold much more effectually than the wooden frame houses so common in most American settlements; a small storehouse containing three months' provisions stands apart, and a double corral, roughly constructed of cotton-wood logs, serves as a branding-pen.

When the time comes to turn in, we all unroll our bedding and "whack down" on the bare floor, packed as closely as sardines. Small comfort here; and, had it not been for the shelter afforded from wind and rain, I should have preferred sleeping in the open.

However, my companions, rough and uncouth in manner and speech, were good fellows all. A cow-boy's life, with its hardships, isolation, and dangers, develops all the sterner manly qualities in a high degree. To a lithe and sinewy figure he joins courage, stoic indifference to suffering, and dogged industry when work has to be done. For these qualities it would be difficult to find his equal. In my mountaineering experiences of former years, I have passed many days with the best of the Swiss guides,—have bivouacked with them, have hunted chamois

with them, and have seen their mettle tried to the uttermost. Though but ignorant, coarsely-clad peasants, they are brave, loyal, splendid fellows. Our sailors too, as we all know, are kind-hearted, reckless of danger, generous, and long-suffering to a degree. But the cow-boy, whilst possessing to a great extent many of the characteristics of both sailor and guide, is even beyond them conspicuous for his sensitive pride, his almost aggressive spirit of independence, his bright intelligence, and his sportsmanlike instincts. Such at least are the best of them. The cringing servility born of centuries of strongly-marked class-distinction, the low cunning of the gutter-bred scum of cities, the heavy, boorish stupidity of the peasantry of our older civilizations, are unknown among the free-born citizens of the Western States of America. On the other hand, our cow-boy is shockingly cruel, hasty in temper, and unbridled in tongue. In the branding-pen, and with a half-broken, tired, or unwilling horse, he is a perfect fiend; his contempt for life too often leads to needless bloodshed; and he is untiring as an Indian in pursuit of revenge.

With him it is frequently not a word and a blow, but a word and a bullet. The etiquette of prairie life, which, Heaven knows, is in most respects not very exacting, absolutely forbids the employment of a certain form of imprecation, which, whilst calling down divine punishment on the person addressed, casts an unwarrantable imputation on the character of his immediate female ancestor. The use of such an expression is immediately followed by the production of six-shooters ("cutters," as they are often called), and the death of one or the other of the parties to the dispute. One such incident occurred during the general round-up. Two of our number, one of whom, a man of morose and surly disposition, had lately joined us from a strange outfit, disputed about some thoroughly trivial matter. The quarrel waxed warm, and at last the forbidden expression was used against the stranger. Both men were on horseback, but unarmed, but both immediately dashed towards the wagons in which they had left their respective weapons. The insulted man, as he passed, snatched out of its open scabbard the six-shooter of a looker-on, turned his horse, and rushed after his enemy. He came upon him as he was on the point of securing his "cutter," and without another word shot him dead. That afternoon he fled, and we buried the dead man where he fell. There were few to pity him. He had entered into the quarrel with his eyes open, had himself provoked the risk, and had paid the terrible penalty of his rashness. It was not for us to try his slayer. Vengeance might overtake him sooner or later if the dead man's friends or relations could lay their hands on him, but it would be difficult to find the

scattered witnesses of a crime committed in the far-off prairie, after the long lapse of time which must of necessity ensue before a centre of civilization and justice could be reached. The somewhat primitive code of honor I have described is not, however, without its good effects, and I am bound to say that, rough as the boys are, their voluble flow of bad language is limited to their animals, but rarely addressed to their fellows; and for myself I may add that I passed through my whole time without a shadow or a semblance of a quarrel. Of their stoic indifference to pain I could relate many instances, but two will suffice.

I had provided myself with a self-cocking six-shooter, similar to our own army revolver. This is a most dangerous weapon, and is rarely used by Western men, whose experience in the use of the revolver is unequalled. The double action throws the weapon off its mark, and during moments of excitement one is apt to let it off unwittingly. This actually occurred to me more than once, and I resolved to get rid of the "pesky thing." I "traded" it with one of the boys for a very old single-action Colt-pattern weapon, and threw a couple of hundred cartridges into the bargain. One morning we heard a pistol-report close to the wagon, and, knowing that the boys were hunting turkey, we already looked forward to a good breakfast. Presently my friend with the self-cocker rode up turkeyless. After quietly unsaddling his pony, he proceeded to whittle a twig. This done, he bared his leg, and we then, for the first time, became aware that he was badly wounded in the thigh. A bullet had gone clean through the fleshy part, and had made a wound at least four inches in depth, the upper part of which was very much powder-burnt. He now produced his twig, and, having wrapped a piece of rag round it, coolly ran it to and fro to clean out the powder. He must have endured tortures, for his face paled, and beads of perspiration stood on his forehead, but the brave boy never winced, and we gathered from a long string of oaths directed at the pistol and at his pony that he was following a turkey, self-cocker in hand and finger on trigger, when his horse stumbled; he instinctively (as the rider does on such occasions) threw himself back and tightened his hands, with the above result. That day he rode thirty miles to the nearest military station for a surgeon, with the wounded leg thrown across the horn of the saddle.

On another occasion we were whiling away the time hunting squirrels, for which purpose one of the boys had taken his boots off and climbed a tree. The rest of us remained below, and were taking pot-shots at the squirrel as it leaped from bough to bough. The climber chased the little creature to the end of a thick bough, himself crawling along

it, when, by some misadventure, he was struck in the big toe by a bullet; but we none of us knew this until, after coming down, he quietly mentioned that he "reckoned he'd left a bit of his toe up that ar tree." It was only a small bit off the end, it is true; but I thought that if the same accident had happened to myself I should have given tongue pretty freely. But these fellows are inured to hardship and suffering, and take it as it comes, without a word of complaint.

Once more we have been on the trail, and are now another hundred miles or so farther south. Our camp is pitched on a well-timbered creek running into the north fork of the Red River,—a broad, swift stream, winding its way through wide meadows of luxuriant pasturage. Here is to be the arena of our horse-breaking exploits. The country is alive with game; deer, antelope, wild turkey, prairie chicken, quail, and wild fowl are found in abundance, and we are glad, whilst awaiting the arrival of the bronchos, to be able to fill the pot with something more toothsome than the everlasting sow-belly (coarse bacon), beans, and bread, which have constituted our fare for the past two months. Our party is half a dozen strong, all told,—four broncho-riders, Hank, Tough Dick, Dock Day, and myself, Sour-Dough Billy (the cook), and Curly, the "horse-rustler" lad, whose duty it is to look after our cowponies and work-team. Sour-Dough Billy merits a word to himself. He was apt to look with a certain amount of contempt at the ostentatiously-displayed shooting-irons ("pop-guns" he called them) of his uncouth companions, although he ungrudgingly admired their physical prowess and skill as horsemen. A cockney born and bred, he was fond of the sound of his own voice, and found it hard to appreciate the silence and reserve of the native cow-boy; but they all liked him none the less, and, in their own way, were amused at his quaint sallies, and his curious mixture of the accent of Bow Bells with the drawl of the Far West. At home he had been, so he said, a professional runner; but it never seemed to strike him or his companions as incongruous that a trick of fortune should have turned him into a prairie Francatelli.

"Roust up, boys! here they come!"

It was an animated, picturesque scene that met our eyes.

A hundred head of half-wild horses were being driven into the swift-running but shallow river, the leaders stringing out in all directions, the tail of the herd rushing with headlong speed down the steep, sandy incline of a narrow gorge, urged and directed by the flying horsemen, who had to overcome their natural fear of being bogged down in the treacherous, shifting quicksands of the river-bed. Now they are all safely across. Their coats, still wet, are glistening in the sun; their spare forms, wiry legs, and small, well-shaped feet give promise of



activity and endurance; the long, flowing manes and tails, shaggy forelocks and bright eyes impart to them a wild, free air, but the straight shoulders and low withers foreshadow an awkward, wearying gait, the narrow chests and small quarters reveal a want of power, and the receding foreheads and round nostrils denote an uncertain temper. But we must not be too critical. They are young and fresh, and full of fun and frolic. In a few months' time ill usage and hard work will have reduced them to lean, broken-hearted creatures without a kick left in them.

How strangely marked they are! Piebalds, skewbalds, and duns with striped backs predominate. Here is one with a pure white head, neck, and shoulders, the rest of him coal-black; there is a blue roan with a large white patch on his side, and yet another, a rich dark chestnut, has a splendid mane and tail of a much lighter color. Quite a number of them are wall-eyed,—or "glass-eyed," as they are called out West. In height they average from fourteen to fifteen hands.

They are all geldings, four- and five-year-olds. Mares are rarely used for working cattle: at certain periods they are seized with a desire for wandering, and scour the plains in search of fitter mates than the geldings with whom their lot is cast. It then becomes almost impossible to restrain them within bounds, and away they go in search of love and adventure. Originally sprung from the Spanish jennet, brought over to the continent of America by the conquerors of Mexico, some of whose steeds escaped, their descendants have ever since wandered across the plains in large droves. In their wild state they are called "mustangs," but when raised on a ranch, and after having been handled to a certain extent, they are called "bronchos."

Neighing, snorting, squealing, pawing the ground impatiently, kicking and biting at one another, with two horse-rustlers galloping round them, our bunch of bronchos is being held on a soft, sandy piece of ground suitable to our purpose. Hank and Dock have gathered up their lassos ready for a throw. A chestnut is caught and is being dragged out. No sooner does the noose tighten round his throat than Dock runs up, and, whipping the loop of his lasso on the ground, soon entangles the hind legs of the struggling beast, and throws him down with a sudden side-jerk. Obeying a signal, I pin his neck to the ground, and throw his head up to prevent his struggling, whilst Hank forces into his mouth a cruel Mexican spade-bit, with long, sharp-edged port, slips the bridle over his ears, and blindfolds him. All this time his hind legs have been held by the rope; these are now released; he at once jumps up, and stands with trembling limbs and outstretched neck, ready to bite, strike, or kick anybody who comes within his reach,

but rooted to the spot so long as he remains blindfolded. In some cases their legs fairly give way under the influence of fear; they then roll over and lie groaning on the ground. With quiet, cat-like movements Hank crawls up with his saddle and flings it across the quivering animal, who at once bucks it off violently; this is repeated several times, until, taking advantage of a few seconds' hesitation, the front cincha (girth) is fished across from the off side with a stick and immediately tightened up. The tightening of the back cincha, which comes near the tender flesh of the stifle, is resented with squealing and vigorous bucking, but no efforts will displace the heavy double-girth saddle, and Hank now coils up his lasso (the loop of which has remained on the horse's neck) preparatory to mounting. Taking up the reins, and passing his left forefinger through the ring of the bit, then placing his foot in the stirrup and grasping the horn of the saddle with his right, he swings lightly on his victim's back. Whisk off the blindfold and turn him loose! The broncho at once throws down his head, humps up his back, and, actually bawling with rage and fear, pitches high into the air, and comes down on stiffened legs, hard enough, as Curly puts it, "to make the sparks fly and your teeth rattle;" again and again he pitches, twisting first to one side, then to the other, frantic in his efforts to rid himself of the demon on his back. Each jump is answered by an oath, a vicious dig of the spurs, and a stinging cut from the raw-hide thong. "Stay with him!" yell the excited boys. Yes, stay with him if you can, for everything depends upon this first trial of strength between man and brute.

If he succeed in "downing you," he will have gained confidence in his own powers, and may ever afterwards be ready to try conclusions with you; but when all his exertions are unavailing, when he discovers that the more he struggles the more punishment he receives, and that he only succeeds in exhausting himself, then he will be cowed at his own impotence, and will have learned a lesson which he will never forget, for horses have good memories. After three or four such lessons the chances are that he will be cured of pitching, will offer a sullen, spiritless submission, and, ridden with a light hand and an easy seat, will soon become bridle-wise and quite handy.

Occasionally a horse is "gritty" and "mean:" when such a one finds that his rider is not to be shaken off, he rears straight over with him, or throws himself down sideways: in this case one has to be very quick, or broken bones may result. If you clear him as he falls, jump to his head to prevent his getting up, double your rope, and thrash him all you know, until he groans for mercy; he will then realize that a recumbent position is not always one of repose, and will probably not

try that little manoeuvre again. Cruel work, this, but prompt and efficacious. It must be borne in mind that the task was set before us of breaking over a hundred head of horses in less than a month, in time for the spring round-up, and it would be impossible to effect this by gradual and gentle means. Moreover, we had to deal with animals in a semi-wild state, no longer colts, who looked upon man with fear and loathing, never having experienced anything but ill treatment at his hands.

At the end of the first week's broncho-riding we were all more or less "stiffened up," as the result of our exertions, and "easy all" was called for a day or two. I had strained a muscle in the groin, and was obliged to lie by for a while. Whilst in this state I was treated with much kindness and consideration by the boys, for I was no longer a "tender-legs," but had fairly won my spurs as a full-blown "broncho-rider." Towards the end of May, outfits from all directions converge towards the prearranged rendezvous for the general round-up. Some, like ourselves, having lost many horses, have been engaged in broncho-riding, camping for that purpose on the rich pastures and sweet-water creeks of the broad river-bottom. With those in our immediate neighborhood we interchanged visits, and watched each other's riding with jealous and critical eye. In this manner time passes quickly, each day bringing with it some fresh incidents.

No cow-boy can be considered complete until he has become skilled (more so, at least, than I had then become) in the use of the lasso on horseback. A firm seat, readiness, dexterity, and a quick eye are all necessary, and even an expert roper must constantly regret that nature has not provided him with more than two hands. Moreover, the animal you ride must know his work too, for it is his part, as soon as the rope tightens round the captive's neck, to straighten his fore-legs, leaning well back with his hind-legs right under, and always keeping end-on to the victim, to whose struggles the double weight of man and horse is thus opposed. The cast itself is performed in this wise. A slight turn of the wrist keeps the open loop swinging horizontally round your head, and the faster you gallop the better it swings. When you are within a few yards of your intended victim, throw as the loop comes behind you, twisting the other end round the horn of the saddle before the loop lands. Good horsemanship, which makes man and horse act with one will, brings your mount to a stand-still at the right moment and in the right position, the noose tightens, and the captive is at your mercy.

A very real and ever-present danger to men who sleep on the ground is the noisome skunk, which is liable to rabies, and, under its influence,

attacks the sleeper savagely during the night, its bite, in this condition, being as virulently poisonous as that of a mad dog. The intolerable, penetrating, long-enduring stench for which this pest is proverbial renders it literally in worse odor than any other creature in the prairie, and an alarm of "skunk !" started in the middle of the night is sufficient to create quite a panic in camp.

But space would fail me to describe all the varied "alarms and incidents" of our life. I cannot even within the limits of this article touch upon that part of the cow-boy's duty which relates to the management of cattle, the scouring of the plains by the circle-riders, the driving of cows and calves, bulls, heifers, and steers, to an appointed meeting-place, where brands will be cut out (separated) and the season's work begun in downright earnest. I have said enough to show that the cow-boy's life is not all beer and skittles. The future has many hardships in store for us: long days in the saddle under the burning rays of a pitiless sun; nights spent in feverish tossing on the hot, baked ground, under the oppressive blankets, which the maddening presence of myriads of mosquitoes renders necessary, or, worse even than that, lying tentless under the driving rain, with the soaked prairie for your bed; incessant work, Sundays and week-days, from early dawn until sunset; storms always dangerous and sometimes fatal to man as well as beast; night-guards, during which the weary cow-boy keeps watch and ward over his cattle; the heat, dust, and turmoil of the branding-pen; and the long, monotonous autumn-drive of beef-cattle. All this we shall have to endure, to be rewarded, after many months of exile, by a brief glimpse of civilization, and the ecstasy of hearing the sweet voice of woman once more.

John Baumann.

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### CAROLS AND CHILD-LORE AT THE CAPITAL.

IN my article on "Song-Games and Myth-Dramas at Washington" (March *Lippincott*) I gave a number of ring-games in use among our children. Here are a few more which have come to hand since. I have known one of these for a long time by its pretty title, "Green Grows the Willow-Tree," but it is only of late that I have been able to get the words and a clear account of the game.

A ring is formed with at first no one in the middle. All sing together,—

Green grows the willow-tree,  
 Green grows the willow-tree,  
 Green grows the willow-tree;  
 Up steps a lady with a rose in her hand.

One girl then steps to the middle. She sings,—

Bargain, bargain, you, young man,  
 You promised to marry me long ago;  
 You promised to marry me,  
 You shan't say no.

All in chorus,—

Up steps a lady with a rose in her hand.

All stoop down. The last one to stoop has to name her "beau" as a forfeit.

No doubt in the song or ballad whence the latter part of this was drawn the line "Bargain," etc., was less elliptical and exclamatory. In Dr. Hammond's "Lal" the heroine is introduced singing,—

It's a bargain, a bargain for you, young man;  
 It's a bargain, a bargain for you, young man, etc.

In this form the spirited lilt is preserved better than by childish tradition; but there is no allusion to "the lady with the rose in her hand." Indeed, she would seem rather an incongruous personage.

The true explanation of this little piece seems to be that the children have engrafted one ditty on another, the original willow stock being of a more courtly character. Mr. Newell has pointed out that many of these singing-games were once the diversions of the lords and ladies who hovered about the princes of two or more centuries ago, and that they have passed thence out among the rustics and down among the children, where alone they now linger. It will be seen that every word sung by the whole company in chorus is perfectly in accord with such a history. But the lady herself is made to sing strangely out of character, and, so to speak, on a lower level. Perhaps something more elegant has dropped out in the chances and changes of oral transmission and the gap has been filled by the first popular jingle that came handy, however aggressive. This substitution cannot have been very recent, though.

Here is a second ring-game in which the willow-tree figures, though in other respects there are important differences.

This time there are two persons in the ring, which is elongated,—a girl in the centre representing "Minnie," and a boy, or more frequently a girl, near one end representing "Charlie." These two keep silence, the ring singing,—



Charlie took a notion  
 To go sail the sea,  
 And left poor Minnie a widow  
 Under the willow-tree.  
 Minnie, Minnie, nurse your baby;  
 Drink the wine that Charlie's sent you.

Then Minnie steps over to Charlie, who kisses her and joins her in the middle. They pass out of the ring, and the game ends.

This little story of desertion and reconciliation, told half in song and half in pantomime, might pass for an operetta without instrumental music if the hero and heroine were not so silent. There are touches in the tantalizing ballad fragment of "Burd Ellen and Young Tamlane," in Mr. Child's collection, which seem akin. For example,—

Young Tamlane to the seas he's gane;

and the invitation,—

Come light, O light, and rock your young son.

But "Under the Willow-Tree" has no counterpart to the very human exasperation of

If you winna rock him, you may let him rair,—  
 For I hae rockit my share and mair.

There is also an obvious difference of metre in the first part of our song, and it ends with a kiss instead of a curse, conformably to the restriction now imposed on all fiction-purveyors by a world which, whether adult or infantile, finds distress enough in life without malignantly creating it. All considered, there is hardly similarity enough between the two to warrant us in supposing any direct relation.

As the tree links the games above mentioned one to another, so the name of the heroine, and not much else, connects the second to a third, known by its first words as "Down in the Meadow."

This time there is one girl inside the ring, instead of none or two, as before. All sing,—

Down in the meadow where the green grass grows,  
 There stands Minnie with a horn and a nose;  
 She blows, she blows, she blows so sweet;  
 She calls Johnny (*surname*) to kiss her sweet.

The member of the ring thus indicated comes into the middle of the ring and kisses her. Then all join in the following bit of commonplace moralizing:

Never be ashamed to marry a nice young man  
 Who works for his living as hard as he can.

To the credit of our carols it must be said that this is almost the only instance of a moral appended kite-tail-wise. Even here it is evidently an after-thought,—the work of some prosaic Poor Richard who could not let well enough alone. Sometimes it takes this encouraging and prophetic form :

He's nothing but a boy,  
But he'll soon be a man,  
He works for his living  
As hard as he can.

The second line of the song seems to have suffered in some way. I give the termination "and a nose" (or "on her nose") as I get it from recitation, but should be inclined to read "that knows" instead. A knowing or magical horn would be more in keeping with the general drift of sense and sentiment, and Minnie's nose would surely fare ill at such business.

Such a horn, as a sort of love-magnet, is a regular property of early minstrelsy. For example,—

The elphin knight sits on yon hill,  
Ba, ba, ba, lilli ba;  
He blows his horn both loud and shril.  
The wind hath blown my plaid awa.

He blowes it east, he blowes it west,  
He blowes it where he lyketh best.

I wish that horn were in my kist;  
Yea, and the knight in my armes two.

Clearly, Minnie has succeeded in getting it into her chest, and is turning the weapon against the sex which had wielded it.

The second couplet above quoted throws some light on the derivation of the fifth and sixth lines of "King William," which I append.

The game begins with one player, this time at least conventionally masculine, in the middle of a ring. The ring sings,—

King William was King James's son.  
Upon a royal race he run.  
Upon his breast he wore a star,  
Which was called *the diamond squaw*.  
Go choose your east, go choose your west,  
Go choose the one that you love best.  
If she's not there to take your part,  
Go choose the one that's next your heart.  
Down on this carpet you must kneel,  
As sure as grass grows in the field,  
And kiss your bride, and love her sweet,  
And rise, and stand up on your feet.

They go through the prescribed motions accompanying the words. Then he goes back to the ring, and the song and game begin again, the chosen one choosing in turn. The same one cannot be chosen twice.

The choosing east and choosing west is but a natural modernization and vulgarization of blowing the magical horn east and west from the hill-top, and this again one would expect to trace to some primitive religious observance. As already pointed out, the same formula appears with very slight change in a counting-out rhyme. It is in use also in Scotland for determining the positions to be occupied by boys playing games :

One to the east, one to the west,  
One goes to the cuckoo's nest.

The above version of "King William" shows how oddly these rhymes sometimes become corrupted, since "the diamond squaw" is of course properly "a sign of war." A slightly-varying form published in the *Post* of this city reads, "*the life of war*." One is pleased to meet with the aboriginal lady in question, however, for there is no other trace of the influence of her race in this branch of white literature, with one or two exceptions, to be hereinafter noted. "King William," with "war," not "squaw," and some other slight changes, was played and sung here, to my personal knowledge, about twenty-three years ago.

Here is another ring-game which tallies so well with what we hear of the behavior of mermaidens that I am half inclined to believe it is not for nothing that the heroine is persistently named "Waters" and "sits in the sand." On the other hand, it must be admitted that the name is by no means new to ballad-literature dealing with dry-land topics,—witness "Childe Waters."

A girl is seated in the middle of the ring, pretending to weep. All the others sing,—

Little Sally Waters sitting in the sand,  
Weeping, crying, for a young man.  
Rise, Sally, rise, wipe your eyes,  
Point to the east, point to the west,  
Point to the one that you love best.

Here we have the elfin-knight formula again. North and south are always omitted from the preliminary invocation, possibly because the former was once the road to Hel, or for some other reason connected with the old mythology.

Sally does as directed, timing each act to the appropriate word. The chosen one enters the magic circle, and kisses her, then becomes Sally Waters in her stead. These transformations are the less difficult

since the masculine characters are generally girls in their own proper apparel.

"Rocking-Chair," in its present shape, is at least direct and business-like, if not very poetical. The general method of it is like the last, with the usual percussive climax. All sing,—

I went to Mr. Johnson's  
To buy a rocking-chair,  
And who should I see there  
But Willie and his dear!  
He kisses her, he hugs her,  
He calls her his dear,  
He makes her a present  
Of a handsome rocking-chair.

The names used above are arbitrarily chosen. They vary with the Christian name and the surname of the boy who is selected to be, in person or by representative, "the hero of the story."

On the strength of the title and final word I was at first inclined to think that this rhyme might be of American invention. But "American modification" would be nearer the mark. In Chambers's popular "Rhymes of Scotland" I find the following, under the head of "A Courtship Dance:"

Early and fairly the moon shines above;  
A' the lads in our town are dying for love,—  
Especially Johnny Armstrong, for he's the youngest man;  
He courts Hannah Sanders as hard as he can,  
*He kisses her, he claps her, he calls her his dear,—*  
And they're to be married within the new year.

Certainly our game has either grown or borrowed from this Scotch source, and we can hardly claim that we have borrowed to adorn. The furniture business is a bit of local color which could well be spared.

"Roly-boll" has a distinct plot and a method of its own, but its song is made up largely from scraps of familiar rhymes. A girl being in the centre, all in the ring sing to her,—

Roly-boll, roly-boll, let your beau's name.

She gives that of some boy. Then all sing together, using his name and hers,—

Mr. Blank is handsome,  
Mrs. Dash is handsome as he;  
And they will get married,  
As they wish to be.  
Oh, dear doctor, can you tell  
What will make this lady well?

A sword and pistol by his side,  
And that's what makes the lady cry.  
Sword and pistol by his side,  
The wedding-day is over ;  
Sword and pistol by his side,  
The wedding-day is over.

"Let" in the first line is elliptical. "Let it come" would be the full demand, an equivalent for "tell." It is not made quite clear whether the departure takes place before the wedding or after it. At any rate, the bridegroom has gone or is going away into danger, "the wedding-day is over," and the bride weeps. This is as veritable a ballad as several of those in the standard collections.

This rhyme is sung in a ring-game, a girl in the middle personating the weeping bride. In its present form the "pistol" precludes it from dating back of the era of fire-arms.

Some verses are appended to the Scotch jingle already quoted which have the same metre and much the same sense as "Oh, dear doctor," etc. Perhaps this game also may have been partly drawn from Scotland. One variant begins,—

**Roly-beau, roly-beau, let your beau's name.**

Then, after her response,—

I think Mr. Evans is a nice young man.

and thereafter as in the former instance.

In "Lily, Lily, White Flowers," all sing, circling in a ring,—

Lily, lily, white flowers,  
Growing up so high ;  
We are all young ladies,  
And we are sure to die.

**These pretty verses recall Spenser's**

maidens lily white,  
All ranged in a ring and dancing for delight.

They have a mingled flavor of the old "moralities" and May-day games which ought to win them a welcome. The lines which follow, forming part of the same carol, are in such a mutilated form that I shrink from giving them pending their more complete recovery. But it may serve to direct attention, and thus aid herein :

Clap your hands, tiddy bo-teague ;  
Who comes in is a nice young man,  
With a rose in his bosom.  
To-morrow, to-morrow is a very good day ;  
To-morrow, to-morrow is a very good day.



During the last two lines they clap hands. "Heigh O, cheery O" is the only other ring-game in which this feature occurs, so far as I know. It will be observed that a part of the refrain of "The Three Dukes" is pressed into the service as a stop-gap, and that the lines indicate many omissions. I have an idea that "Lily, Lily, White Flowers" has been a charming little ballad, and will be again if we can regain it in full.

Sometimes, slightly varied, it is blended after a fashion with "Roly-boll," or "Roly-beau." Thus,—

Walters, Walters, wild-flowers,  
Growing up so high;  
We are all young ladies,  
And we are sure to die.

To-morrow, to-morrow  
Is the wedding-day.  
I think Johnny Thompson  
Is a nice young man;  
And they shall get married  
To-morrow.

To-morrow, to-morrow  
The wedding will begin  
In an old tin pan.

This is as lamentable a downfall as that from "The wind blows low" to "the boy of Washington City." The little people are quite equal to such achievements.

There is a second "Green Grows the Willow-Tree," which has very little except the titular line in common with the one before given. A girl being in the middle, the rest go round her, singing,—

Green grows the willow-tree,  
Green grows the willow-tree;  
Come, my love, where *are* you been?  
Come and sit beside of me.

O how she blushes so!  
Kiss her sweet and let her go,  
And don't you let her mother know.

This is almost unique in its arch and worldly-wise conclusion,—a teaching not to be commended. As a matter of fact, I understand that the advice is usually given to the air, though doubtless not always, for the intention is unmistakable. There must have been a surreptitious lover originally in every instance.

Something of the same sentiment reappears in the following odd jumble, likewise sung by a circling chorus. It contains a very naïve confession of feminine strategy:

I like coffee, and I like tea,  
 I like boys, and the boys like me.  
*I'll tell my mother when I get home,  
 The boys won't let the girls alone.*  
 O sweet beans and barley grows,  
 O sweet beans and barley grows,  
 Nor you nor I nor nobody knows  
 How O sweet beans and barley grows.  
 We're waiting for a partner,  
 We're waiting for a partner.  
 So open the ring  
 And choose your queen,  
 And kiss her when you get her in.

Freedom of choice in acceptance or refusal is not always allowed the "queen," as will appear from the following formula, in which the voices of the ring join those of the knight who announces his complimentary decision,—

Here she stands, the lovely creature;  
 Who she is I do not know;  
 For her beauty I shall choose her,  
 Whether she says "yes" or "no."

There is no more of the game, except the appropriation by drawing one out of the ring into the space beside him.

In the following we have perhaps the most essentially interesting game of all, though it has been sadly vulgarized. It is sung to the same tune as "Humpsy," and acted out like it also. There is a still further resemblance in their obviously mythical character, though the identification is easier in this instance. We have before us the bare bones of that wonder-tale which has charmed the fancies of men ever since Sigurd awoke Brynhild from her enchanted slumber:

A girl seated in a chair in the middle of the ring pretends to sleep.  
 The others sing,—

There was a young lady who sat down to sleep,  
 Sat down to sleep, sat down to sleep;  
 There was a young lady who sat down to sleep.  
 Heigho! heigho! heigho!

She wants a young gentleman to keep her awake,  
 To keep her awake, to keep her awake;  
 She wants a young gentleman to keep her awake.  
 Heigho! heigho! heigho!

Write down his name and tell it to me,  
 And tell it to me, and tell it to me;  
 Write down his name and tell it to me.  
 Heigho! heigho! heigho!

The elected one then enters the ring, kisses her, and she awakes. Afterwards, she goes back to the ring, he takes her place, and the game begins as before, "gentleman" being substituted for "lady" in the verses.

The complimentary tendency noticeable in some of the foregoing games is quite marked in the first of two for which I am indebted to Rev. J. Owen Dorsey, of the Bureau of Ethnology. He writes, "They were popular among our servants on a plantation in Calvert County, Maryland." He gives them, with a caution, from memory, "after nearly twenty-six years." They cannot be far wrong, nevertheless, having been identified as formerly in use in Queen Anne County also. Our colored population is drawn largely and constantly from that State. No doubt these songs will be found in this city soon. It is next to impossible that they should not be here now.

A man and a woman take the middle and dance, while the others sing,—

Sissy an' Bobby stan' in de wedlock,—  
 Prettiest couple I ever did see.  
 Bobby put his arm around her:  
 "Say, little Sissy, will you marry me?"

"Go 'way, Bobby, don't you come anigh me,"  
 Said de little girl I ever did see.  
 "Oh, dear Bobby, how I love you!  
 Now return an' get your fee."

It is a sort of dance, telling a story by action as well as words,—a diversion common enough among the peasantry of many countries.

At the first line of the first stanza the man faces the woman; at the third, he puts his arm around her. After his question she turns her back coquettishly upon him. Then (third line, second stanza) she seems to repent, turns again to welcome him, and gives him his "fee" in a kiss. This word, used as a synonyme for reward or compensation other than pecuniary, occurring in such very personal relations, would of itself be enough to show that this little bit of rhymed drama is old as well as quaint. "Titus Andronicus," for example, contains it, though with a much more unpleasant context:

So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee.

The other negro game of the same place and period was known as "I Lost my Needle." The song ran,—

I lost my needle,  
 Yes, ma'am!  
 A pretty needle,  
 Yes, ma'am!

A silver needle,  
 Yes, ma'am !  
 A golden needle,  
 Yes, ma'am !  
 A lovely needle,  
 Yes, ma'am !  
 A very fine needle,  
 Yes, ma'am !  
 I put my elbow around my chin,  
 An' when I turn, I turn ag'in,  
 Yes, ma'am !  
 'Way o' de mount'in,  
 Yes, ma'am !  
 'Way o' de mount'in,  
 Yes, ma'am !

The last line repeated again and again. They "dance Juba," beating time with hands and feet, while they sing.

This "lost needle" links this song to a class of games in which that article plays a part. Professor Morse, of Salem, Massachusetts, has sent me a form of "chickeny, crany, crow" current there, in which, at the twelfth approach of the mother and chickens, the witch begins to weep. The mother asks, "What is the matter, old woman?" She replies,—"oddly enough for one of her age,—“I've lost my mother's best darning-needle.” Then the questioner, pointing to each finger in turn, asks, "Is this it? Is this it?" and so on to the last finger, when the old woman says, "Yes, it is." The questioner responds, "Then come and get it," at the same time spreading out her arms to protect the chickens from the rush of the witch.

Here it is quite evident that two distinct songs and games have become blended,—rather imperfectly,—as often happens. Some forms of the knitting-needle game current among the little negroes of a quarter of a century ago, and presumably extant still, are said to be unsuited to publication, at least in an article of this nature. The Salem form mentioned is the one which uses the words "pecking brown bread." Another variance in the chant (from Maine) makes it,—

Tripany, tripany, trany, trow,  
 The cock is awake, the biddie's asleep,—  
 It's time to give the chickens some meat.

Also it is time to revert to what is known to be actually in use among Washington children at this writing. Before quitting the ring games, then, I take note of the following modification of blind-man's-buff:

The players form a circle, taking hold of hands, except one, who is

blindfolded. They call to him, "Blind frog! blind frog!" and he hops about, frog-like, confused by their shouts, trying to touch one and guess whom he has.

"Still Waters" is a similar game, played without a ring. Twenty minutes' start allowed. The blindfolded one calls "Still waters" before beginning to search for the others.

In these games speech is nearly at a minimum; but there is a game (chiefly played at recess in school) which involves absolute silence. I suspect this to be a recent invention of the powers ordained, for the purpose of suppressing disorder when rain prevents out-door frolicking. If so, it probably will not succeed any better than other well-meant attempts to substitute in such matters an invention for a natural growth.

"Fruit-Basket" is a well-established in-door game. Fourteen chairs are arranged in two opposite lines. Fifteen girls play, all seated but one. The latter says, "Currants!" to one of those sitting down, and the latter cries, "Currants, currants, currants!" before the former can repeat the word. Then another of the seated girls is tried, a different fruit being selected. When one fails to utter the word three times before the girl standing can repeat it, the two change places. When the last player is reached in this way and has replied, the two sides rush across to the opposite seats, and there is a lively scramble, in which the one standing takes part. Of course some girl is left on her feet, and the game begins again. It is not necessary that there should be fourteen seats. A less or greater even number will suffice, the number of players being one in excess.

Here is one of the "working" games. A chalk line being drawn across the sidewalk, all but one of the players stand thereon, facing the same way. The other faces them. Those in line say,—

"Here we come."

He asks, "Where from?"

"Georgetown,"—or any place chosen.

"What's your trade?"

All in line make motions indicative of some one occupation previously agreed on.

He (or she) guesses until the right answer is found, or he says, "I give it up." In either case they get off the line. He tries to catch them. All who get back to it are safe. All caught go with him, and the game begins again. When he has a majority, a new line is drawn, and the game is reversed.

Another and more popular game has for its refrain,—

"As we go round the mulberry-bush."



The work of each day in the week is imitated, with appropriate accompaniment of words: *e.g.*,—

This is the way we iron our clothes.

"Fox and Goose" is the most intricate of the skipping-rope games. A number of children in line, one behind another, run under the rope, beginning with the oldest and ending with the youngest. Then they form a similar line on the other side, and skip "back-door" over the rope. Then they form a line, and each in turn rushes in, jumps once, and runs out. Then again they form a line and skip over. Then a line and two jumps for each. They continue in this way till one misses. She takes the place of one of the turners, who joins the line of skippers and jumpers. The game continues till they are tired.

In a "Pile of Bricks" the rope is raised after each jump, every such lifting counting as a brick. At last the pile gets too high for some player, and the game ends. It begins again at the lowest point.

There is another game of this sort which I find more interesting. While the rope is turning, two girls run in and jump together, all singing vigorously,—

By the holy and religerally law  
I marry this Indian to this squaw.  
By the point of my jack-knife  
I pronounce you man and wife.

The penultimate word of the first line puzzled me for some time. But Professor Mason, of the National Museum, collected independently a more perfect version in another part of the city, which began,—

By the holy evangels of the Lord.

The corruption in our neighborhood was probably prompted by a dislike to seem profane, a tendency towards using words which were understood, and the attraction of more perfect rhyme. I suppose "religious" may have been substituted originally for "evangels," but this would leave the lilt imperfect. The children's ears called for additional syllables.

The versicle, compounded as it is of an old marital formula, a reminiscence of the red man, and a bit of backwoodsy menace, stands quite alone among my gleanings from the children. The corruption of "King William" already noted may very probably have borrowed from it. The only other expression that one would feel at all like referring to an Indian origin is the refrain of "Blackberry Wine." This, the little people assure me, should be "*Mizoori* and *Mizaurie*," instead of "Miss Oorie and Miss Aurie;" which shows how very hard it is for any of us to avoid reading a meaning into sounds and modifying them

accordingly in spite of ourselves. The first line was until recently, probably still is, used in some places as a beginning of any trivial sworn legal statement. It cannot be more than two or three years since I read an advertised affidavit in a rural paper to this effect: "By the holy evangels of Almighty God, there did come to my premises one hog, marked," etc.; the owner being called on to pay for piggy's board and take him away. So children are not the only ones who treat sacred names lightly.

"This and That" is played by all the children going out of a room but one, who touches something, calls the rest back, and bids them put their hands on the same thing. If they touch the wrong thing, she says, "This;" if the right thing, "That."

"Hide the Thimble" is similar, except that a thimble is hidden, that she summons them to the search with the couplet,—

Hot bread and butter,  
Please come to supper,

and that she aids them by saying, "Freezing," "Cold," "Hot," or "Burning," to indicate degrees of remoteness or proximity.

Children sometimes try who can jump longest from one foot to the other, singing,—

Mammy Daddy jumped the gutter,  
Loaf of bread and pound of butter.

"Post-Office" is very barren. A boy or a girl representing the postmaster calls, "Letters in the post-office for you," indicating the particular girl in the opposite line. She has to step forward and be kissed as many times as the postmaster says she has letters. This may have grown up in imitation of the foreign practice of paying for a letter when received. Possibly a gallant carrier here and there collected supplementary fees of the osculatory sort. The call to the post-office can hardly go back of the establishment of our American postal system. The game is probably the most modern of all.

One or two trivial games are played with bits of paper. For instance, a circle is formed of such, one piece larger than the rest being called "the boss." Beginning with any one slip, seven are counted, and the one then reached thrown away. Then the player begins with the next, counts seven, and throws away again. This is continued until "the boss" is hit, which ends the game.

A prettier one is probably a relic of necromancy. Two fingers (one of each hand), being slightly moistened, take up two slips of paper. The player raps on the table, tosses up the fingers, pretends to make the birds fly, then changes fingers so as to hide the slips, and finally exhibits

them as having returned. These motions are accompanied by the following little invocation :

Two little blackbirds sitting on a hill,  
One named Jack, and the other named Jill.  
Fly away, Jack ; fly away, Jill ;  
Come back, Jack ; come back, Jill.

There is also a substitute for the familiar "pease porridge hot," consisting in,—

Missy, massy gone away,—  
Won't come back till Saturday.

This is one of the few games in which an African element can be discerned. In such matters the tradition is almost always downward, not upward. In the way of poetry and imaginative prose, Washington colored servants transmit little to white children, except what they have already derived, directly or indirectly, from others of the white race. With aphorisms and bits of animal- and weather-lore the case is somewhat different.

Thus : Hang a dead snake on a fence or a tree, and it will bring rain to-morrow ;

If you kill a frog, it will rain hard for three days ; and

If you open an umbrella in the house, the youngest person present will die,—all have an African sound.

A modification of the last makes it equally dangerous to hang a coat or hat on a knob of a door or bell-pull. The youngest child in the house is the person threatened.

"'Deed 'n' 'deed 'n' double 'deed" seems to be a nursery substitute for

A man of words and not of deeds  
Is like a garden full of weeds,—

a beginning of the formula remembered by Major Powell, of the Bureau of Ethnology, as in use long ago in this country. Otherwise the difference is but slight. The rigmarole (which I gave in March *Lippincott*) has been also identified as in use years ago in England, with some slight changes. For example, there could be no reference to "hickory" there. So this, too, is British.

But here is a jingle which we may owe to the plantation,—in its present form at least :

Riddledy, riddledy, riddledy right,  
Where were you last Saturday night ?  
The wind did blow, my heart did quake,—  
The great old hole Master Fox did make !

This has a witchly or were-wolfly aspect, the more effective for its vagueness.

One or two dancing formulas are,—

Put your foot down,  
Put your foot down,  
Put your foot down,  
Just so.

And again,—

Give me the sign of the móbile, móbile,  
Give me the sign of the móbile buck.  
Here comes Jenny with the móbile, móbile,  
Here comes Jenny with the móbile buck.  
And all the birds of the móbile, móbile,  
And all the birds of the móbile buck.

This may be the remnant of a song with some meaning in it.

A few miscellaneous childish sayings and singings will hardly be helped by any comment :

Over latch, under latch,  
It takes good kisses to make a match.

Where was little Moses when the light went out?  
What was he a-doing, and what was he about?

Star, star that shines so bright,  
The first star I've seen to-night.  
I hope I wish, I hope I may,  
I hope my wish may come true  
To-morrow night.

I climbed up the apple-tree,  
And all the apples fell on me.  
Make a pudding, bake a pie;  
Did you ever tell a lie?  
Yes, you did; you know you did,—  
You stole your mother's teapot-lid.

If you find a four-leaved clover, put it in your slipper. Look in after a week,—but not till then,—and you will find a gold bracelet.

If you find a four-leaved clover, you will have good fortune.

If two children (or other persons) going hand in hand meet a tree or other obstacle, and divide, the one who goes to the left will go to hell, the other to heaven. ("Because right means good, you know.") Sometimes it is stated merely as good luck or bad luck.

To determine whether you are loved or not, strike a match. If it goes out before it crumbles to pieces, yes; if not, no.

Or fold up a rose-petal to form a bag. Knock it on your hand. If it makes a loud noise, yes; if not, no.

Rain, rain, go away,  
Come back on my mother's washing-day.

Lady-bug, lady-bug, fly to your home,  
Your house is on fire and your children will burn.

When it rains, the Lord is waving his hand over the earth. The thunder is made by the shadow under his hand.

If you kill a baby frog, the mother frog will die also.

You must keep very quiet after a wedding as the bride passes out.

If you can hear a pin drop, that is good luck.

If you dream of a person, he (or she) is thinking of you.

Set fire to the combings of hair from your head. If they burn long and steadily, you will live long also. If they flash up and then die out quickly, you, too, will soon die. (A taper, or other piece of paper, is sometimes substituted.)

If two people wash their hands in the same water, they will quarrel unless they sign the cross over it.

A cock crowing at the door announces a visitor.

If he walks in, turns around, and crows, he announces a death in the family.

If you drop a pair of scissors and one point sticks in the floor, a visitor is predicted from the direction to which the other leg points.

Red-headed sinner,  
Come down to your dinner.

Red-headed fox  
Stole my mother's pigeon-box.

Reddy in the woods  
Can't catch a butterfly.

April's gone, summer's come,  
You're a fool and I'm none.

"Twenty-nine and one?"

"Thirty!"

"Your face is dirty."

Here is a good place to insert a few aphorisms and prognostics current about very young children among Washington nurses and "old-wives." Several of them have European currency (generally in a less extended form), though chiefly accepted by negroes here:

An infant must be carried up-stairs before it goes down-stairs. Otherwise it will continue to go down all its life.

An infant born with a caul has the gift of seeing spirits. The only way to prevent this is to keep the caul carefully as long as he (or she) lives, but to prevent him (or her) from ever seeing it.



A cradle must not be rocked while empty, or the child's death will soon make it empty indeed.

A cradle must not be moved by two persons. Two would move the child's coffin.

A child should not be laid on the table or measured,—these acts being ominous of death.

If a sick child smiles as though recognizing some one, it has been called, and will go to another world.

Baptism (by the mark of the cross) will make a child sleep better thereafter.

Baptism (by the mark of the cross) is serviceable as a cure for bodily sickness.

The children here, as elsewhere, have their special languages, which I have sometimes heard used very glibly by well-grown colored girls of the servant class. "Dog-Latin" is concocted by adding "us" to every word, with occasional variations. "Cat-Latin" differs by adding "oliga" instead. This turns to "aliga" and "iliga;" also, after vowels, to "liga." I believe it is considered a degree more elegant than the canine variety.

In Hop-Scotch they name one of the spaces "cow-heaven," and another "horse-heaven,"—a curious verbal relic of quadrupedal mythology. Another survival, less in words than in something approaching real belief, presented itself to me in a Sunday walk to the valley of Oxen Run, the first stream eastward beyond the Navy Yard bridge, a short time ago. A fairly bright boy of that neighborhood joined myself and friend, and gave us very companionably a good deal of information about the little daily events which he found so important. Presently he asked whether we had ever known of a rabbit that was a ghost. Being assured we had not, he explained that there was one about there which they had often hunted, always to find it vanish at the same spot,—a patch of sedge or bushes, I forget which, on a hill-side near by. There was no hole there, he said. He thought it must be a ghost. This little yarn naturally recalled the rather numerous witches which have been chased under the form of hares, etc., in the Old World.

Witches, conjurers, and "night-doctors" are implicitly believed in by many adult colored people of this city, and no doubt by their children also. Few white children hear much about the latter order of half-human ghouls, and fewer still give such tales any credence. Conjuring formulas, too, have sunk from raising spirits to making marbles lucky or unlucky. Thus, I remember we used to laughingly lay "conjure-roots" as a spell on the knuckles of a dangerous marksman.

Nevertheless, the witches may take heart. Their cult has invaded the public schools. In one of them an afternoon pupil dreads to go home late lest she should come to grief at the hands of a certain witch and her brother, who sleep in coffins with ice near them. The former of this cheerful couple wished a neighbor to die, and she died.

In "Shropshire Folk-Lore" (Miss Jackson, edited by Miss Burne), page 147, I meet with another instance of this fraternal partnership in malignity. It occurs repeatedly elsewhere.

A colored servant-girl employed two or three years ago in our house gravely explained the illness of a friend by witchcraft, and named the person whom she suspected of "bewitching" her.

Of course we have in the nursery the ordinary array of invisibles, believed in more or less or not at all, according to the age, training, and temperament of the child: Kris Kringle, or Santa Claus, the present-giver; the Sand Man, who throws sleep in the eyes; Jack Frost, who bites the fingers and sticks jewels on the window-pane; the Old Boy, who makes us naughty; bugaboos, who lie in wait in dark closets and corners; and nightmares, with various kinds of quadrupedal dreams which oppress or disturb sleep. I suppose ghosts must be omitted from this list, as they are now undergoing investigation and much incidental maltreatment at the hands of certain erudite and scientific societies.

Speaking of science, there are some bits of nomenclature which ought to be noted. Thus, the queer centaur-like praying mantis is universally known among the children as the rearhorse,—pronounced, as a rule, *rarehorse*. An agaric with a dark red pileus, found occasionally in the woods around the city, is called "the devil's umbrella." The great frog whose hind legs are served up in our restaurants is listened for and hunted with dazzling dark-lanterns and in divers other ways under the name of "blood-nout," or "blood-noun." This seems to be a corruption of the tremendous oath, "By God's blood and wounds!" or "By His blood and wounds!" which in another direction has dwindled to "By zounds!" or "By zines!" still used by old-fashioned, devout Maryland gentlemen who do not know what they are saying. But perhaps none of us would be safe if words are to go for all they are worth.

The intimate relation between our singing-games and the old English and Scotch ballads is shown in such phrases as "The gay gold ring." For this, by the way, I am now given the alternative reading "guinea-gold ring." My little informant explained, "Guinea *means* gay, you know;" having clearly no thought of either the coin or the country thus named.

Even ignoring this last distinctively British word, I find in most forms of Gil Brenton,—

\*He gae to me a *gay gold ring*,  
And bade me keep it above a' thing.

In the ballad of "Hind Horn" the same phrase occurs with regard to a gift from a woman to a man. Other instances might be cited.

"Lily-white" is also a favorite double epithet in old ballads. Thus, Young Andrew "took her by the lily-white hand." Another, which I cannot now recall, speaks of her "lily-white flesh." We have seen Spenser using it also. Certainly an Englishman would hardly apply it to

the floure white and rede,  
Such as men callen dayes in our tounne,

which, with the attendant beauties of the season, made old Chaucer cry out,—

Farewell my boke and my devocion !

But, then, a field of our naturalized ox-eye daisies is a very white field indeed. So the American application of the English word in "Among the lily-white daisies" might easily be worse.

As for "London Bridge," "Open the Gates as High as the Sky," "The Three Dukes," and "The Old Woman from Barbary" (Babylon, with six children, in Scotland,—*Chambers*), they are *known* to be British. The internal evidence is very strong also in favor of such an origin for "Heigho, Cheery O!" "Green Grows the Willow-Tree," "Lily, Lily, White Flowers," "Under the Willow," and indeed almost every child game, except "Blackberry Wine," into which any considerable amount of singing enters. Subject to further advices, I am inclined to regard the last-named as an American invention of a period not much later than the war of 1812, and very likely a quarter of a century earlier. The matrimonial skipping-rope formula we may assign pretty safely to the colonial era, while Indians were still commonly in men's minds and off-hand Indian marriages a matter of jest. The counting rhyme on "Doctor Franklin" probably belongs to the period of the Revolution, or that immediately following.

It is likely that the more distinctly mythologic games have reached us directly from the continent of Europe, as well as indirectly by way of England and Scotland. Perhaps the Danes of the northern English counties are responsible for a good many of their versions. At any rate, it is not difficult to see in "Humpty" a dramatization of a true vampire tale such as the Scandinavians loved, with possibly some admixture of Idun and her youth-renewing apples, of which the gods must eat when they feel themselves growing old. Once she was enticed out of Asgard by Loki, and carried away by the giant Thiassi. Then

the gods began to grow gray, and they compelled Loki to bring her back again with her apples. No doubt these apples would be watched carefully afterwards, and a subterranean guardian, buried or not, would be quite in accordance with the genius of these myth-makers. Of course this is merely hazarded as a conjecture.

Several of the others, such as relate to the choice of angels and devils, are evidently of later—that is to say, of mediæval—origin, while the history of at least two or three more will bear a good deal of searching before any one can pronounce whence they came or what they originally meant.

The game of "Fox and Squirrel," in use at no great distance on each side of the city, and recited, if not actually played, within it, is probably the only one we have of African origin, though whether invented in the new home or the old home of the race would be hard to say. It is such an imitation of quadrupedal wild life as would be equally likely to occur to savages dwelling on the banks of the Congo or to field-hands on a Southern plantation.

Two players stand face to face, apparently representing trees. Another is the squirrel; yet another, the fox—or dog. The squirrel is discovered peeping round the trunk of a tree, presumably at another squirrel not seen. Chorus singing and beating time,—

Peep, squirrel, peep,  
Peep at your brother.  
Why shouldn't one fool  
Peep at another?

Enter fox. As he approaches, the song becomes,—

Jump, squirrel, jump,  
Jump, squirrel, jump;  
Jump, or the fox will catch you.  
Jump, jump, jump!

The squirrel catches sight of the fox, jumps, dodges round the tree, and trots towards the other, the fox following. The chorus sings,—

Trot, squirrel, trot,  
Trot, squirrel, trot;  
Trot, or the fox will catch you.  
Trot, trot, trot.

As the trot grows more rapid, the excitement increases, and the cry (literally obeyed) is,—

Run, squirrel, run,  
Run, squirrel, run;  
Run, or the fox will catch you.  
Run, run, run.

With every word the anxiety and emphasis increase, and the speed of both the principal parties increases with it, the last stanza being repeated again and again with accelerating effect till the game is a whirl of dodging and rushing. As the squirrel cannot go far from his trees, he eventually falls a victim. To give him a greater chance and increase the dramatic interest by intricacy and suspense, it is common to multiply the number of trees. When the fox becomes a dog, he is so styled. Sometimes both quadrupeds realistically take to all-fours. Animal games of a similarly imitative sort are known to be in use among the Arickaree Indians and other uncivilized people.

I will close this article with a note on two remarkable myth-sayings of the children. They naturally go together :

If it rains when the sun shines, the devil is beating his wife.

If it snows while the sun shines, the devil is dressed in white.

I confess that down to hearing the first of these I had always regarded Satan as a bachelor, and was at first inclined to consider it a bit of African fantasy,—perhaps the reminiscence of some rain-controlling god or some deified medicine-man of the dark continent. That is still possible, but it looks more unlikely. The constant factor in the two above problems would seem to be the sunshine or the bright sky whence it falls. Now, we must remember that under one name we include divers conceptions. There is the lesser devil, who inherits the attributes of the stupid giants that wasted their strength on details of church-destroying and soul-ensnaring. He does not seem ever to have had a wife more formidable than the child-scaring Dame Dark of Sussex tales ; or the giantess of the golden circlet, buried in Lanymyeck Hill, whose grave it was death to open ; or the mortal maidens, in Holland and elsewhere, who by reckless wishes or other imprudence have made themselves mates to the Tempter. But none of these can have any permanent control over great natural phenomena.

Now, if we turn to the greater or cosmical devil, who combines the attributes of many discrowned deities (so that for present purposes we may very well translate his name Thor or Odin), we perceive something more promising in the outlook. His part as the ruler of the skies and prince of the powers of the air is clear and reasonable enough. But who is the companion who is crossing him and being beaten into subjection ?

The peasantry of North Germany, according to Thorpe's "Northern Mythology," say that "Fuik is the devil's grandmother, and has frequently been heard making a great noise in the night." Fire issues from the mouths and nostrils of her dogs as they sweep by. With such a disorderly grandmother, we need not be surprised to find his spouse a little hard to manage.



Holda seems to be her name, "chiefly in Hesse and Thuringia. She is believed to influence the atmospheric phenomena. When the sun shines, Holda is said to be combing her hair; when it snows, she is making her bed. She likes to dwell in lakes and fountains. At noon she is to be seen as a beautiful, fair woman bathing in the stream and then vanishing. . . . Like Woden, Holda also traverses the air and belongs to the Wild Hunt. Hence the notion that the witches ride in company with Holda. According to popular belief, the souls of unbaptized children are received into the Wild Hunt and fall to the share of the heathen deities Woden or Holda. To this idea of Holda it is no doubt to be attributed that, instead of a divine form, she is made to assume that of an ugly, long-nosed, long-toothed crone, with matted, shaggy hair. 'He has been riding with Holle,' is said of a person whose hair is uncombed and bristling."

A trace of this yet lingers in Maryland and elsewhere in the saying applied to a horse of disordered mane, "The witches have ridden him over-night."

It is likely also that this same Holle, or Holda, is no other than the old woman of "Chickeny, Crany, Crow;" but we will not attempt to go into that now.

*W. H. Babcock.*

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## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

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IN the discussions concerning the higher education of woman and her mental equality with man, it is a little curious that more attention has not been given to the real meaning of the statements made in the third chapter of Genesis. The inferences to be drawn from that account are so clear and logical that one has not even to read between the lines to see that, whatever woman may now be, in the beginning she was the superior creature, and acknowledged as such.

It is granted that the serpent was the most subtle of all the beasts of the field. Adam Clarke asserts that he was not a snake, but an ape. Had a snake, says this learned and shrewd commentator, addressed Eve, it would have astonished and, likely, have frightened her. She would not have expected speech from such a creature; but from one of the monkey tribe conversation would not have seemed so improbable, and she would have listened without perturbation. Another argument in favor of the ape lies in the fact that the snake must have always crawled. It is not likely to have had wings, or fins, or to have stood upright, and consequently the curse pronounced upon it has no meaning. Allow the tempter to have been a chimpanzee, and we see that he has simply fallen from his first estate, just as did Adam and Eve. But, let him have been snake or monkey, he was the wisest and wickedest of all the inhabitants of Eden. He

hardly seems to have been malicious, but inspired rather by an active, morbid curiosity. He wanted to see what would happen if the people in charge should disobey orders. After the deed was done, he does not seem to have been proud of it nor ashamed of it. He was simply satisfied. The whole affair was carefully planned by him. He considered the situation, he estimated the characters. He did not trifle, nor did he make experiments. He prepared his line of argument, his splendid temptation, and, this done, he bravely made his venture.

Now, to whom did he go? To the man? No, to the woman. Did he go to the woman because she was the weaker? This is the ordinary and the ridiculous reason usually given. Suppose you wanted Jay Gould to divert a railroad and open it through your stony pasture-land and so give that a market value, to whom would you address your arguments? Would you go to one of his secretaries and present your case, picking out your individual with a distinct reference to his inferior and weaker character? Would such an ambassador be likely to influence his superior against his better judgment? If you went direct to the head of affairs and convinced *him*, all the subordinates would follow. There are times when force should not be weakened by the interposition of obstructions such as a weaker brain or tamer eloquence. A man puts his life in the hands of a lawyer because he knows the lawyer has the art of pleading at his command. He does not trust it to a civil engineer, nor to a sailor, nor to any man less able than himself to argue his case.

The subtle serpent knew the value of an argument, and he supplied it himself. He knew the importance of a direct appeal to the governing power. He would never have gone to the weaker partner and run the risk of having the stronger one pooh-pooh the diluted reasons for such a step. What good would it have done him to have gained Eve and lost Adam? The result would probably have been the exile of Eve, the loss of a second rib by Adam, and punishment to the tempter. The serpent took no such risks. He addressed himself to Eve because he knew that if he conquered her his object was safe.

He went directly to his work; and how did he do it? What kind of temptation did he offer? He asked Eve if it was true that they could not eat of every tree in the garden. Eve replied, with an exactness that does her credit, that there was but one tree of which they could not eat, and that it stood in the midst of the garden. Why, she added, they did not even dare to touch the fruit of it, —because if they did they would die. At this the wily serpent sneered. Was there ever such simplicity! Die! To eat of that tree did not mean death. It meant life! And then he dashed the great temptation at her feet. He did not appeal to her vanity, her affections, to any possible jealousy of Adam's supremacy. He made no attack on what are supposed to be the ordinary main-springs of a woman's will and action. The mother of us all had to have higher lure than this. He appealed directly to her intellectual ambition. He told her that if she ate of that tree she should be as a god. She would know all things, all good and all evil. He asserted that ignorance was bondage and blindness, that now she could not see, but then her eyes would be opened, and she would be as a god in power. He was so persuasive that Eve went to the tree and looked at it. She saw that "it was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eye, and a tree to be desired to make one wise." It is evident that Eve had never before critically regarded the tree. Now, if Milton is to be considered, Eve would at once have left the tempter and hastened to Adam and asked his advice. But Milton made a great many mistakes when he drew the character of

Eve. She had no idea of asking Adam's opinion about the matter. Once satisfied, she acted. She put out her hand, plucked the fruit, and ate it. Then she went to Adam.

Did she argue with him? Did she assure him that to taste of the fruit would make a god of him? Did she tell him he was blind, that it would open his eyes? Not at all. She simply gave it to him. "Here," she must have said, "is an apple." And he took it and ate it. He probably was not in the habit of asking her questions.

Do you not suppose that the serpent knew how this would terminate? Do you think he was not subtle enough to know which one was master in the garden of Eden? At any rate, he evidently considered the matter as concluded, and retired, never troubling himself about Adam. The affair was safe in Eve's hands. A meaner nature than hers would not have shared her new power with Adam; but Eve was generous. In the first flush of triumph she ran off and gave him his apple. Queen Elizabeth would have had the tree cut down after she had plucked and eaten, and so, I am afraid, would some of Adam's sons.

Then there is another point which should be considered,—and this is the condition proved by the nature of the curses pronounced upon the three actors in the tragedy.

The serpent was condemned to creep. Does this not prove that he had not crept before?

The man was sentenced to hard labor for life, to work for the bread he should eat, and then to eat it in sorrow until he returned to the dust from which he sprang. What does this show but that he had lived easily and happily, that his bread had come in gladness, and that death had had no claim upon him?

The woman was told that her husband should rule over her. What does this prove? That she had ruled over him.

When St. Paul comes to settle the question of the woman's position in the primitive Church, he uses the curse in Eden for a text, and explains it. It was not, he says, Adam who was deceived, but Eve; and so, because of her greater transgression, she is now to keep silence. She is to learn in silence and all subjection. She is not to teach nor to usurp authority over man. She is to be humble, and to remember that Adam was created before she was. I suspect by this latter statement Paul meant to hint to her that she was at the best but an after-thought, a sort of postscript to the general creation. He might have anticipated some Darwinian claims in the future from her which he thought well to settle at once. But, at any rate, the Apostle to the Gentiles evidently considered Eve as the responsible party, and excused Adam because he acted under orders. The whole account shows that Eve was degraded into lower rank because of her ambition and disobedience; and degradation, I suppose, means previous elevation.

I here rest the case.

*A "Lady from Philadelphia."*